

PEACE ON EARTH? By Harold Spender.

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# THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES  
VOLUME LI.

No. 3487 May 6, 1911

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VOL. CCLXIX.

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## FORWARD.

"A thousand creeds and battle-cries,  
A thousand warring social-schemes,  
A thousand new moralities,  
And twenty thousand thousand  
dreams;

"Each on his own anarchic way  
From the old order breaking free,—  
Our ruined world desires," you say,  
"License, once more, not Liberty."

But ah, beneath the wind-whipt foam  
When storm and change are on the  
deep,  
How quietly the tides come home,  
And how the depths of sea-shine  
sleep!

And we that march towards a goal,  
Destroying, only to fulfil  
The law, the law of that great soul  
Which moves beneath your alien  
will,

We that like foemen meet the past  
Because we bring the future, know  
We only fight to achieve at last  
A great re-union with our foe;

Re-union in the truths that stand  
When all our wars are rolled away,  
Re-union of the heart and hand  
And of the prayers wherewith we  
pray;

Re-union in the common needs,  
The common strivings of mankind;  
Re-union of our warring creeds  
In the one God that dwells behind.

Then—in that day—we shall not meet  
Wrong with new wrong, but right  
with right:  
Our faith shall make your faith com-  
plete  
When our battalions re-unite.

Forward!—what use in idle words?—  
Forward, O warriors of the soul!  
There will be breaking up of swords  
When that new morning makes us  
whole.

*Alfred Noyes.*

*The Westminster Gazette.*

## THE LOVE OF GOD.

Nothing there is on earth we may not  
lose,  
Nothing quite firm: we lose the spring  
each year,  
The sun each day, the flowers as they  
appear;  
But when that sure, sad voice its plaint  
renews,  
"Yea, it is possible that we may lose  
Even our God." O infinitely near,  
Far Spirit, I am struck with sudden  
fear!  
A fading falls across my thoughts. I  
choose  
All to forego, all to obliterate  
Sooner than miss remembered joy of  
Thee,  
Who art alone most worth remember-  
ing.  
Break every hope, save of Thyself, in  
me,  
So that Thou fail me not, O Fount, O  
Spring  
Given in the desert to my bitter state!  
*Michael Field.*

## PRIMA VERA.

The Hand of God is on the harp of  
Spring;  
How else were there such music in  
the air?  
Music that makes the silent furrows  
sing  
With joy, and wakes the slumbering  
seed they bear.

A golden veil burns like an aureole now  
About the world's grim forehead old  
and gray;  
The lips of Spring salute her brooding  
brow,  
And April lifts the banner blue of  
May.

My soul, an anchorite on Heaven's  
wall,  
Looks from its charmed and chosen  
solitude;  
Looking, I listen, hear the blackbird  
call,  
And know that violets wake, and  
God is good.

*D. M. S.*

*The Academy.*

**PEACE ON EARTH?**

President Taft's offers (March, 1910):—

Personally, I do not see any reason why matters of national honor should not be referred to Courts of Arbitration as matters of private or national property are. I know that is going further than most men are willing to go, but I do not see why questions of honor should not be submitted to tribunals composed of men of honor who understand questions of national honor, to abide by their decisions as well as in other questions of difference arising between nations.

(December, 1910):—

If we can negotiate and put through private agreements with some other nation to abide by the adjudication of International Arbitration Courts in every issue which cannot be settled by negotiations, no matter what it involves, whether honor, territory, or money, we shall have made a long step forward by demonstrating that it is possible for two nations at least to establish between them the same system which, through the process of law, has existed between individuals under Government.

Sir Edward Grey's reply (March 13th, 1911):—

When agreement of that kind, so sweeping as it is, is proposed to us, we shall be delighted to have such a proposal.

The event of the month has been, without doubt, Sir Edward Grey's great reply to Mr. Taft's great overture. This is one of those strokes which, if they succeed, make a new world. Like all great strokes, it seems very simple when once struck. Only those who know the doubts and hesitations of Foreign Offices can realize how big this policy is. Only those who know that atmosphere can realize how difficult it will be to carry it through.

For the moment the world is lost in an admiration which is not without a touch of perplexity. Sir Edward Grey has not prepared us for so great a move. He has been a good Foreign Minister, because he has been a safe Foreign Minister. He has kept the peace at a time when peace has been most important for the world. He can say, after Napoleon III., but with far more sincerity—"the British Empire is Peace." For he has kept the British Empire free from that spirit of arrogance and aggression which, ten years ago, nearly led to a combination of the whole civilized world against her. He has kept us out of adventures, and freedom from foreign adventures is almost a necessary condition for a vigorous policy of home reform. But if he has been sane and safe, he has seemed to many ardent spirits to be also cold and slow. He has not hitherto shown much care for those vestal fires of freedom and humanity which, if they are to burn at all, must be kept alight on British hearths. His performance at The Hague Conference of 1907 came perilously near to failure, and proved a sore anti-climax to the very noble utterance of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman which immediately preceded it. It is not clear that he has used our understanding with Russia to advance the cause of freedom by a single inch at St. Petersburg. On the Congo and in Macedonia his course has been straight and steady, and with the help of events he has attained to something like success; but his best admirers have missed in his speeches and despatches the true Liberal touch—that touch of passion for liberty which inspired the British Foreign Office under Palmerston.

But Palmerston was not a safe For-

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Because we bring the future, know  
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But Palmerston was not a safe For-

eign Minister; and Sir Edward Grey has proved himself in that respect more livable than Palmerston. No false pride has prevented him from withdrawing from false positions; no restless ambition, either for himself or for his country, has driven him to extravagant claims and pretensions. He has kept the peace, and it is, therefore, in the proper development of things that he should become, side by side with Mr. Taft, the pioneer of peace before the world. The whole British Progressive Party welcome him in this new rôle and promise him their best support in carrying it to success. For Sir Edward Grey has made no enemies. The feelings of the strongest critics on his own side have never gone further than the feelings of friends who were disappointed because his achievements had fallen short of their hopes. They rejoice now to see Mr. Gladstone's chosen apprentice rising to the heights of his great master.

Sir Edward Grey's proposal has had the rare power of at once affecting the situation both at home and abroad. Abroad it has arrested the attention of the whole world, now half-bewildered and half-fascinated by its novelty and daring. Some nations are suspicious; others are jealous; others are still blinking in the sudden radiance of a new ideal. Europe is too far broken to militarism to believe in release from her servitude; but she stirs uneasily within her iron cage. It is in the New World—in the United States and Canada—that the hope of support in this crusade lies. It is there that the challenge finds an echo, and the belief in peace, still a vital power, comes to grips with the invading menace of the war-spirit.

At home the speech came in the nick of time to ease a very awkward and difficult political situation. Throughout the months of February and early

March the supporters of the Government were suffering from a vague unrest. The rumor of a coming increase in the Estimates had gone forth; and it was received with a sudden, passionate, outbreak of impatience. It was not for this that the Progressive Parties had won a second laborious victory in one year. It was not for this that they had toiled day and night to carry through the great Budget of 1909—not merely to provide fresh food for the insatiable maw of the War-god. They saw ahead of them an Exchequer tied to the War Office and the Admiralty, the failure of the social reform policy, the increase of Imperialism abroad, the decline and division of the Progressive movement at home. The official apologists threw all the blame on Germany, but those apologies were gravely weakened by the revelation that in 1909 Germany had been right in her rejected explanations of the notorious acceleration of ships, and Great Britain had been wrong in her attitude of rejection. For the moment, at any rate, Germany seemed to be in the right, and the Admiralty to be saddled with the blame. So strong and deep was this feeling, that it seemed probable that the Government would be saved from defeat in the division lobbies only by Tory support.

It was at this moment that Sir Edward Grey opened a new vision which seemed to reduce all these quarrels to their proper place in the picture. The cynics called it a debating triumph; but it is the special excellence of Parliamentary government that a move be at once a debating triumph and a great international event. The difficulty of the Government in this case represented a real clash of great forces, and the speech of Sir Edward Grey represented a victory for the forces that make for peace. Into the midst of a squabble between those who would build four Dreadnoughts—the



Radical policy—those who would build five—the Government policy—and those who would build six—the Tory policy—came a proposal which might, in the end, reduce Dreadnoughts altogether to the vanishing point. Mr. Balfour, it is true, justified his support of the policy in the eyes of the war party by arguing that an Arbitration Treaty with America would have no effect on armaments. "We do not build against the United States." True, but Mr. Balfour there missed Sir Edward Grey's greatest point—the power of the example. Public opinion, greater than Mr. Balfour, has risen to it. The people know that war and peace cannot live together. They realize that the extension of the reign of peace is, in the end, the only road to a reduction of armaments. They know that a beginning must be made by some nation, and they are willing that that nation should be Great Britain.

At home, therefore, the effect of Sir Edward Grey's speech was to save the Government forces from a threatened cleavage on the details of the Naval Estimates, and to unite them on a new policy of peace abroad. For the moment the triumph has been complete. The debates on the Naval Estimates have sunk into insignificance, and the columns of the Press are filled instead with paeans on Sir Edward Grey's policy from Bishops and Ministers as well as politicians. But the Government will be wise if they take warning from their recent experience. Great as is the relief now, far greater will be the wrath of the party if they find themselves deceived. Having put their hand to the plough, the Government must not turn back. The new policy must be pursued with energy. There must be none of that fatal lethargy which fell on the Foreign Office immediately that there came a question of translating Sir Henry Camp-

bell-Bannerman's pious wishes into action. The Progressives in the country are not in a mood to be fooled again. They will look forward—I hope and believe with justification—to seeing the fruits of this new policy reflected in the Estimates of next year. But otherwise the policy is dust and ashes. For a peace policy is useless unless we are to have a peace expenditure.

It seems at the moment as if this expectation would certainly be fulfilled. From the point of view of immediate expenditure, the important matter is the effect of Sir Edward Grey's speech on Germany. Will it be taken there as a move towards peace or war? Some observers are of opinion that the German Government will see in the speech nothing but the threat of a new alliance against her. "Russia has failed England," she will say, according to this version, "and France is obviously a weak friend. England is seeking new alliances. Like Canning, when he met the Spanish invasion of Portugal by recognizing the independence of the revolted South American Spanish colonies, England is 'calling in the New World to redress the balance of the Old.'" In other words, the "Wilhelmstrasse" will see in Sir Edward's new move nothing but a reply to the far-bruited conversations of Potsdam.

Even if this were so, it would not necessarily be a bad result. If these interpreters have really formed a correct estimate of the German Foreign Office, if they are right in their familiar and frequent conjectures that Germany keeps no faith, respects no virtue, and fears nothing except force, then, along this beaten, worldly track, Sir Edward Grey has done a wise thing. It would be waste of breath to woo such a suitor. In such a case, the best course is always to show that you have an alternative. Just as in

the eternal play of the sexes, a man will often become more eager in the quest of a woman if he thinks that she has other wooers, so it is between nations. If Germany really rates us so cheaply, then an American alliance, though it loses its great moral significance, is still the height of worldly prudence and wisdom.

But there are those who take a different view. Their view is that Germany cannot be dismissed in a phrase, that she is made up of warring and conflicting elements, striving for mastery. According to that theory, Germany, like England, contains a peace party as well as a war party. She has a party which is in favor of great armaments, and a party which is against them. She has a great body of Liberal and Progressive thought and feeling side by side with a formidable military class and a Government very largely influenced by that class. The militarists in Germany try to play upon German public opinion very much as the militarists of England play on English public opinion. Germany has its "British Bogey" as much as England has its "German Bogey." We are represented in Germany as an ambitious, aggressive country, ruled by the passion to conquer and invade the peaceful shores of the Fatherland. This view has received some rude shocks of late. It has had to sustain the revelation that Great Britain has twice asked to discuss armaments with Germany, and twice been rebuffed. But it still feeds on captured spies, and it fortifies itself with the reflection that we have refused to abolish private capture at sea. It is now being sustained by the contemplation of the violent and unreasonable movement in this country against the Declaration of London. But Sir Edward Grey's speech, instinct with the high spirit of the peace-maker, is, from that point of view, the greatest blow that

the German war-spirit has yet received.

The immediate effect is to be perceived in the resolution which the Social Democrats have brought before the German Reichstag. That resolution is a portent in Germany. It is the most formidable move that the peace-spirit has made in that country since the Franco-German war. It is the beginning of a new movement which may have tremendous results. Germany is groaning under the new taxes imposed upon her in order to pay for these new armaments. There are several questions ready for asking. Why did the German Government refuse to discuss armaments with King Edward VII. at Cronberg in 1908? Why has the German Government left it to Sir Edward Grey to make the reply to Mr. Taft? Why should not Germany now join with England in that reply? Last, but not least, now that England has held out the olive-branch to the nations, is there any justification for an addition to the present German naval programme? We may be sure that those questions will be pressed by the German Social Democrats, and it is by no means certain that the German Government, sick of expenditure and full of the fear of the coming elections, will give an unfriendly reply.

The important fact to remember is that the British Government has now definitely promised that we will make no further additions to the annual average of our Naval Estimates unless and until Germany takes another step in naval construction. On the contrary, there is good reason to hope that if the present peace policy succeeds there will be a very substantial reduction in the Naval Estimates next year, when a very considerable sum of money will be required for social reform and Home Rule. The realization of that prospect entirely depends on

the spirit in which the German Government will take Sir Edward Grey's move. If they take it as a hostile demonstration, then we shall see a new Naval Act, and things will be worse than ever. But there are many signs that the better spirit is prevailing.

It is, I believe, the German view that now Sir Edward Grey is, for the first time, the real Foreign Minister. No British writer could ever persuade a German that Sir Edward Grey was really responsible for the foreign policy of this country from 1906 to 1910. The impression was all the stronger because Sir Edward Grey, whether accidentally or of set purpose, never accompanied the late King on his European visits. He did not go to Reval, and he did not go to Cronberg. He had no need to go to Paris, because the Entente Cordiale was arranged before that time. All these strokes of policy were placed in Berlin to the credit of King Edward; and rightly or wrongly they were all regarded as hostile to Germany. We know in this country that the Germans have been wrong in that view. King Edward was a pre-eminently constitutional monarch, acting on the advice of his Ministers. The same advice which led to the understandings with France and Russia has always been ready to accept an understanding with Germany. But here the idea is, and we must reckon with it. The result of this view is that at present Germany is showing towards Sir Edward Grey a cordiality which it never showed before. Sir Edward's Bagdad speech, which seemed to many of us on this side as remarkably stiff in tone, was received with something approaching to effusion in the German official Press. In the same way, the Arbitration speech, which might at another moment have been taken as a hostile move, has been accepted, almost with

enthusiasm, as an expression of friendship, not merely towards America, but towards the world at large, including Germany.

When we reflect that the American Fleet is now the third and almost the second in the world—when we remember that a combination of the British and American Fleets would inevitably lock up the German Fleet in the North Sea—when we recall the fact that an aggressive alliance between England and the United States would be the most serious conceivable peril to the trade of Europe, and was always the one danger that played on the iron nerve of Napoleon—then we shall realize the very remarkable change in the German attitude towards this country as expressed in this reception of Sir Edward Grey's speech. Perhaps it is not unfair to say that some of the more suspicious spirits see in England's new move a drift away from the French understanding—a point of view reflected in the fears and jealousies of the French Press. Perhaps the German mind feels itself here in the presence of something it does not understand, a sentiment against which all its teaching of the last thirty years has been directed, and yet a sentiment uttered by a man who has never been a sentimentalist. Suppose that the ideal were to become real? Suppose that the gospel of the material proved untrue? That "Blood and Iron" were out of date? Those are always the fears which haunt even the most confident disciples of materialism. What if the enthusiasts are after all right?

But why should we not accept the simple explanation which seems to emerge from the speeches of German Ministers—that Germany, like ourselves, is tired of the wrangles of the last few years, and anxious to come to an understanding with this country?

Putting aside all glosses on the text,

what is it that President Taft and Sir Edward Grey actually propose? Let us be clear on that point. For there is nothing new about arbitration treaties. Mr. Balfour had a perfect right to point out that the policy of arbitration treaties had been consistently pursued by his Government, not merely because Lord Salisbury was really a lover of peace, but also because he happened to hold office during the earlier days of this great movement. The first great impetus to arbitration treaties was given by The Hague Conference of 1899. An attempt was made at that Conference to bind together the majority of the conferring States with the tie of compulsory arbitration. That effort was not successful. But an article was inserted in the convention of that Conference recommending the various States to contract between one another special treaties of arbitration.

France and Great Britain were the first to carry out the provisions of that article when they signed the Arbitration Agreement of 1903. Their example has since been followed by practically all the Powers, both great and little. Over 130 arbitration agreements have been signed between the Powers since 1899, and nearly twenty of them have been renewed since they were first signed. Sixty of these treaties were made before the second Hague Conference in 1907, and under the stimulus of that Conference seventy have been signed since.

Now, these agreements have almost always followed the same model. The governing clauses have referred to The Hague Tribunal all differences "of a legal nature or relative to the interpretation of treaties," but this enactment has always been followed by a provision of great importance, as follows:—

Provided nevertheless that they do not affect the vital interests, the independence, or the honor of the high con-

tracting parties, and do not concern the interests of other Powers.

—words which, it is clear, could be made to cover almost every case of international difference. Out of all these treaties only two have omitted these words, and those have been treaties between Denmark and the Netherlands in 1904, and Denmark and Italy in 1905.

Now the proposal placed before the International Arbitration Leagues by Mr. Taft last November, was that two of the great Powers should follow where little Denmark has led—though it may be observed that little Denmark has not received the tribute of a mention in the course of this affair. Mr. Taft's address has since been published, and it is a very remarkable document. Among other sentiments set forth is that the United States would refuse to have a great army, even if such a refusal exposed her to the risk of invasion. She would prefer that risk to the certainty of the evil that would come to her from possessing a great army. But the governing sentence in the speech is this:—

I do not see why questions of honor may not be submitted to a tribunal composed of men of honor.

Mr. Taft's proposal was that all differences between States, whether of honor, territory, or money, should be submitted to arbitration under treaty. It was quite clear from the deliberate manner in which he threw out this suggestion that he was inviting a reply. It is to this speech that Sir Edward Grey has replied, and it is this extension of the arbitration doctrine which is now the proposal before the world. It is a proposal which was practically before both Hague Conferences, but relegated to the future. But if Britain and the United States led the way, then we might see the next Conference make a serious move-

ment towards its extension to all the Powers. That is one of the possibilities which make this event of such supreme moment.

But lest we should be too sanguine, we must remember that the United States is, owing to her Constitution, not entirely master of her own fate in the matter of foreign treaties. Like ourselves the United States has a Second Chamber, and, like ourselves, the United States has her troubles with that Second Chamber. In this matter of foreign treaties she is almost worse off than we are, for it was a quaint and curious provision of those very cautious men, the founders of the American Constitution, that all foreign treaties should have to pass through the Senate by a two-thirds majority. We have recently witnessed Mr. Taft's difficulties in his attempts to secure the approval of the Senate for his Reciprocity Agreement. A two-thirds majority, as every student of politics well knows, is very difficult to achieve. It is a very strong barrier against change.

Unhappily, it is not superfluous to remind ourselves of this fact at the present moment. For we have to remember that we have gone through all these emotions before, only to meet with defeat and rebuff at the hands of this American Senate. In 1897 Lord Salisbury and Mr. Olney drew up, with the help of Lord Pauncefoot, an Arbitration Treaty between Great Britain and the United States, which was practically the same proposal as is now being made by Mr. Taft and Sir Edward Grey.

This treaty was received with high hopes on both sides of the Atlantic; but what happened? The Senate took the treaty in hand, and, quite after the fashion of our House of Lords, they inserted amendments which practically nullified all its governing provisions. Their principal amendment was a pro-

vision that each subject of arbitration should be approved by the Senate before being sent to the arbitral tribunal, a provision which would have left the law very much where it stands now. Great Britain refused to accept that amendment. On May 5th, 1897, the Senate refused to ratify the treaty as agreed between the Powers, and from that time to this nothing more has been heard of it.

Now, it is no secret that this decision of the Senate, which was arrived at by an overwhelming majority, was largely influenced by the Irish vote, a very powerful factor in the Senatorial Elections. The Irish-Americans took the view that the treaty was proposed by a British Government which strenuously opposed the grant of Home Rule to Ireland. They determined that the United States should not be bound by such close bonds to a country which was resolved to refuse the chief aspiration of the Irish race. In 1911, indeed, we have a different situation. The American people will have to deal with a Government which has staked its existence on the grant of Home Rule. It is possible that that fact may make a great difference in the attitude of the Senate. Mr. John Redmond has urged, with statesmanlike perception, that these two great changes may help one another. Ireland will be more friendly to England because she has entered into closer ties with the United States, and the United States will be more inclined to enter into those ties with England because she is giving justice to Ireland. Let us hope that this great and generous forecast will be fulfilled.

There are great elements of hope. By a singular and happy coincidence, the arbitration idea comes in the nick of time to help the Reciprocity Agreement. It will remove from the Canadian mind the one fear which creates

any doubt as to the safety of the Agreement—the fear of annexation.

A Government that could bring us even nearer to such results would have left a great mark on the history of mankind. The victory over a faded and obstructive aristocracy, necessary and urgent as that victory is, in order to clear the way for social reconstruction at home, would fall into its place as part of the larger whole. Such an achievement would be a mighty blow to all those tremendous and growing forces in the world whose sport and whose profit is war, the classes who live on and by war and wish to keep the peoples chained to its chariot. Those forces are becoming more and more formidable. They threaten the world with colossal disasters. It has become the duty of all who care for the race to resist them.

For the issue is great. Civilization or barbarism—that is the least important aspect of this matter. A bright future for this Western world, or a sudden irretrievable downfall in blood and fire—a fair field for our new machinery and our new discoveries in the abatement of toil and suffering—an opportunity for carrying on the fight against poverty to possible success, for perfecting our new organization of law and industry, still in its first infancy—shall we have this, or a sudden smash-up, greater and more

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sudden than that which befell the Roman Empire? That, and nothing less, seems the choice before us. Surely of this we may say, in Carlyle's favorite lines:—

Choose well, for your choice is  
Brief, and yet endless.

Some will say that we are pursuing a vain shadow. The ideal is so far off. Man has always loved war and always will. It is the way he advances—by mutual slaughter. He is a fighting animal, the worst of the fighting animals, for he is the only animal who wages systematic war against his own fellows. These will say with the old man in that poem of Tennyson's earlier and more hopeful period, *The Golden Year*:—

Ah, folly! For it lies so far away,  
Not in our time, not in our children's  
time;

'Tis like the second world to us that  
live:

'Twere all as one to fix our hopes on  
Heaven,

As on this vision of the Golden Year.

To which we will make the speaker's own reply to his own craven fears:—

But well I know—  
That unto him who works, and feels he  
works,  
This same grand year is ever at the  
doors.

*Harold Spender.*

## A COUNTRY PRACTICE.

BY A DOCTOR'S WIFE.

One day at tea in a country house I was talking of some of the occurrences of our daily life, when my host said, "You ought to make an article out of these things; it would interest people to hear something about the life of a country doctor. And," he went on, "here is a ready-made title for you—

'A Country Practice,'" This advice has been in my mind for a long time, and now I am putting it to the proof.

I had no practical acquaintance with a doctor's life until my marriage, so that the first time I heard the ring of our night-bell was a memorable one to me. One can never hear it with in-



difference. The custom that stales most things can never make that sound anything but a shock to mind and body. There is no escape for the doctor from the tyranny of other people's illness. Often the need of him is sudden as well as imperative, but not always. Country-people are very dilatory, and this sort of thing may happen: Old Mrs. Griffin has been ill for a day or two, and she and her neighbors know that she ought to see the doctor, but they do nothing. Then one evening she feels worse, and a neighbor arranges to sit up with her. As the night goes on they gradually get more and more frightened, until the neighbor, Mrs. Vowles, can bear it no longer, and runs home to wake her husband to "go for doctor." When Vowles rings the night-bell at about two o'clock in the morning, and the doctor says to him "What is it?" the answer is, "You'm to come at once to old Mrs. Griffin, in Frog Lane, sir." "When was she taken ill?" "Oh, she've been bad for two, three days, and my missus did say, as how you was to come at once, please, sir." There is nothing to be done but to go, for Mrs. Griffin is a very old woman, and old people and children must be attended to quickly. When the doctor has seen Mrs. Griffin, he probably says to Mrs. Vowles, "Why on earth didn't you send for me yesterday?" and the woman will answer placidly, "Well, sir, we did think on it, and when we seed 'ee go by in the motor, I said 'twould be so well to stop 'ee as 'ee did go back, but there, us didn't trouble, as we thought the ould lady 'ud be better like, but I was put to it when I seed her so bad, and in the night, too, so I said . . ." and so on indefinitely, till the tired doctor gets into his car and goes home.

But this is easy work compared to a whole night spent in a cottage. Many poor people (and richer ones, too)

have no idea of the meaning of time, and a man will come in a great hurry at ten o'clock at night, saying "Please, sir, you'm wanted at once for my wife," and when the cottage is reached there are still many hours of waiting for all concerned, and to the doctor's question, "Why did you send for me so soon?" the woman's reply will very likely be, "Well, to be sure, sir, Ben were going for the nurse, and I told him to ca' in to say as there worn't no great hurry, but seems like he forgot." If the cottage is near the doctor can go home again, but if it is several miles away he must remain, as patiently as he can.

I remember one night of peculiar mischance. The doctor had been twice in and out, and on his second return at five o'clock he hoped for a little sleep, but at six the bell clanged again. He got up wearily, and asked the usual "What is it?" to which the answer came in a man's cheerful voice, "It be only I for Jimmy's medicine, sir; I thought I'd have it on my way to work, and I've brought the bottle." I am glad to say that the doctor's reply was, "You can't have it till surgery time"; but even so the little rest he had hoped for was lost.

One of the worst symptoms of the oppression of the night-bell is that of hearing it when no one has rung it. The time came when my husband would get up in the middle of the night, go to the open window and say "What is it?" and get no answer. Though it was a relief to think that he need not go out that time, a phantom night call is in fact a much more serious matter than a real one, as it is one of the warnings of a more or less imminent breakdown. But until the breakdown comes the doctor must work on. Even if he takes a holiday the disturbed nights continue, at any rate, for the first week or two, and a country doctor's holiday is seldom longer

than that, so that he is rarely completely free from anxiety. We have heard passing carts or footsteps under our hotel rooms a thousand miles from home, and my husband has waked up with a start, believing it to be a message for him.

The uncertainty of a doctor's life is its hardship. He must be as alert at any summons of the bell as if he had had an eight-hour night's rest behind him, instead of perhaps a long drive and hours of a stuffy cottage bedroom, of which the windows are not even made to open. The inhabitants may not much regret the fact that the picturesque casements under the thatched roof are not made with hinges, but the effect on the doctor of the air he is compelled to breathe is, of course, very bad. I say nothing of the harm it does the patient, because that is not so obvious, at the time, at any rate. No doubt the bodily result of fresh air would be excellent, but the mental discomfort endured by many a farmer and cottager at the mere suspicion of a draught is so great that a feeble person might really be made very ill by a little fresh air. This also applies to washing. A substantial layer of dirt is a warm covering, and when people's food is not nourishing and heat-producing enough, they instinctively shrink from water. Also, perhaps for the same reason of economizing their natural store of warmth, it is not the custom for cottagers to undress as we do when we go to bed. They generally wear more clothes than we in the daytime, and at night content themselves with taking off the top layer, sometimes adding a nightgown as a finishing touch over the remainder of their garments. It seems a very uncomfortable plan, but it is no doubt a warm one. But clothes must wear out unduly fast if they are worn night and day, so that our method has economy, as well as cleanliness, to recommend it.

I have lately read a striking short story, by one of the masters of the art of literary realism, in which he tells of a double murder committed at night in a cottage bedroom. The author shows us the minds and thoughts of the actors in the tragedy with wonderful skill, but when he describes the appearance of the peasant-woman his realism melts into idealism to a reader who knows something of the class to which she belongs. One may live for years on friendly and even intimate terms with the country-people, and yet know but little of their real ways. It is almost an intrusion for anyone but the doctor to ask questions about the food they give their children, for instance. There does not seem to be any good tradition among women as to the suitable feeding of babies. Woman is the only creature, as far as I know, who will give miscellaneous food to her young ones. A cat does not catch mice for her kittens until they are old enough to digest them, but a woman will give her baby green gooseberries or plum-pudding, according to the time of year, and will be mildly surprised and quite incredulous when the doctor tells her that a baby should be fed on milk, and milk only. "The children allus has some of what we'm eating. Poor little things, it 'ud seem hard not to give 'em a bit, when there's summat tasty-like." If the natural-milk supply is available the baby will no doubt do well enough, but when the contents of a dirty bottle are supplemented by cheese and pickled onions it is not to be wondered at that the doctor is sometimes sent for in a hurry, to correct, if it may be, the results of this foolish diet. The difficulties in the way of more sensible feeding, though, are at times almost insuperable. Many people think that the country is a land flowing with milk, if not with honey; but this is far from the case, in a dairy-farming county, at

any rate. Literally all the milk is made into cheese and butter, or sent away to the towns, so there is none left for the laborers' children. Occasionally, and as a great favor, a farmer will spare a little for a sick baby, but not by any means always. So little are the country-people accustomed to milk that they rather dislike it, and they and their children rarely drink it from choice.

When my husband came to this practice, some years ago, he used sometimes after dark to walk to a hill village a couple of miles or so away, and when he had finished the work in hand the man who had fetched him would say, "I and my mate 'ull walk back with 'ee, doctor," and seem surprised when he was thanked, but his offer declined. For a while my husband used to wonder why he was considered almost foolishly brave for walking across fields in the dark, practically in sight of a village; but when he got to know the West-countrymen, he understood that they lived in constant dread of ghostly enemies, and that a man would never walk by himself in the dark, if he could possibly help it. They do not even like sleeping in a dark room, and constantly burn a lamp all night long. This gives a village a curiously alert appearance after dark; but though nearly every cottage seems to be full of wakeful people, the light is merely a protection against evil spirits, and not a sign of sleepless energy. A small room, with shut windows and a lighted lamp, seems a terrible place to spend a night in, and the want of air may perhaps account for the withered look of many of the young cottage-women.

The doctor is expected to give advice on all sorts of matters quite unconnected with his profession. He is asked to find places for the boys and girls who are leaving school, or to decide on the desirability of places they

may have found for themselves. Sometimes an anxious mother will consult with him as to the suitability of her daughter's "young man," and the girl will ask his advice as to accepting or rejecting a suitor. There is hardly an aspect of village life on which he is not called upon to give a decision at some time or other, from repairs to a mowing-machine to re-papering the best parlor. I remember that he once got a note from a man who had lately come to live in a house near by, asking him to be so good as to lend the writer his clinical thermometer (for which the bearer was waiting) to take the temperature of a hot bed! This was more than the doctor could stand. "He certainly shan't have my nice clean thermometer," he remarked with decision. So we sent a politely worded refusal.

Some of the poor people are very particular as to the exact color and consistency of their medicine, and even as to the shape of the bottle it is dispensed in. The old sexton of the next village has a bottle of a peculiar size and appearance, which he always brings round to the surgery to be filled. One day my husband thought it well to give him a small quantity of some special medicine, and put it into a bottle which exactly contained the dose. But the old man remonstrated at the non-appearance of his old friend, and after that his medicine was always put into the favorite bottle. He is getting what his friends call "wandersome," and the other day he was found by the woman in whose house he lodges cutting open a mattress with a knife, under the impression that he would find sweets in the stuffing.

I occasionally see a very old woman whose conversation generally turns on events that happened seventy or eighty years ago. She has described to me, with a vividness that I cannot hope to equal, how my husband's third predecessor in the practice used to drive

about in a thick fawn-colored great coat, plentifully supplied with immense pearl buttons. "There, 'a had such a jolly red face, 'a were most like a farmer." She became his cook, and was, according to her own account, a famous one. The doctor's wife one day gave a fine party, of which the chief dish was a raised pie, that still lives in the old woman's memory as her *chef-d'œuvre*, and a thing of wonder and beauty.

The old man with the jolly red face was of a romantic turn of mind. He farmed a few acres of land, and each summer, when his hay was ripe for cutting, he was to be seen wearing a suit of clothes that had evidently been the height of fashion in his youth. The villagers all knew that he had wooed and won his wife in a long past June, and so when they saw the old man in the dress of a gallant of forty years before they would smile sympathetically, and say to each other: "Oh, there goes doctor in's owd clothes. He be cutting his hay, surely. He do be one to remember old times, he be; and he's allus well forrard with his hay, too. Be'est thinking of cutten thine yet, Jarge?"

It used to be the custom for country doctors to make a good many of the raw materials of their medicines, and particularly a stuff called "pill mass," at home; and as nasty medicines are more appreciated than tasteless ones, I have been told that the smell that pervaded the house in old days when certain drugs were being prepared was quite fearful. Luckily that is now a thing of the past.

By means of some of the older inhabitants of the village we occasionally get into touch with history. The grandfather of some of the present inhabitants was cook on board Nelson's ship at Naples, and he used to tell one of his granddaughters that he could remember Lady Hamilton coming on

board, and that she used to call for a cup of soup "without an eye of grease in it." This man's son, who died not long ago, also went to sea—not in the Navy, but as cook on board a ship belonging to a West-country port which traded to the Bight of Benin. This man used to relate strange experiences of landing cargoes of cutlasses and rum, which formed the somewhat piratical British export of those days to the native tribes. There are dark stories, too, of the trade in "blackbirds," for which this West-country port was used as a half-way house between Africa and the West Indies. The underground passages and vaults in which the wretched "blackbirds" were kept till the ship was ready to take them on can be seen to this day. And to the houses of one of the merchant princes of the old port clings a legend which, though nothing but the rattle of chains—the music of the slaver—is as soul-shaking as anything in the whole lore of hauntings. The trade with Africa still goes on; but now we send out our red earth as paint for the young bloods of the tribes, and the older chiefs get much pride and satisfaction from the cast-off liveries of the local mayor's footmen, for which, I am told, there is a steady market. But fashion must be attended to, even among savages, and the red earth was once nearly lost to our village when the man who was responsible for mixing the paint, inadvertently put too large a proportion of yellow ochre into the vats.

When we have a new parlormaid the first thing I say to her is: "If a message comes when the doctor is out write it down on the slate, and be sure and get the person's name and address." The last part of this direction is sometimes quite difficult to carry out, as I know from experience. I have often interviewed a messenger, and after a great deal of irrelevant conversation the question "Where do

you live?" is met by the smiling answer, "Oh, doctor do know I very well, and the missus too; you tell 'un to ca' in soon's he can, and it'll be all right: he do know us well." I persevere till I get more of an address than this, but the maidservants do not always do so, and then the confusion is great, unless the man can be identified in some way.

Telegrams are often very indefinite. It is not at all unusual for the doctor to get one of this sort, "Come at once; Jones." Educated people generally give some indication of why they want the doctor, as they realize that he will be more useful to them if he comes prepared for the particular accident, or illness, they are suffering from. But poor people are quite as likely to send a peremptory telegram for a case of chronic rheumatism as for a broken bone. An urgent message must be attended to first, and sometimes a whole day's arrangements are thrown out of shape in consequence of it. It is then very vexatious to find the sender of the telegram sitting comfortably in an armchair, and be cheerfully greeted by "There, but I didn't look for 'ee so soon, doctor; didn't very much the matter with I now, but I did feel terrible bad yesterday, and as I hadn't seen 'ee all the week, I thought I'd best send." If the doctor asks with some asperity why such an urgent telegram was sent, the answer will probably be, "Well, I sent little Dicky there to the post-office, and of course he didn't rightly know what to put, look 'ee, so I expected he asked the young lady to help 'un, didn't 'ee now, Dicky?" "Yes, 'a did," says the little boy, and so the doctor's time and strength are again needlessly wasted. Telephone-calls are better than telegrams, as it is sometimes possible to get more details, but they have their own great drawbacks.

Written messages are often very remarkable. Dialect spelt phonetically

is not easy to read, and though the writing is generally legible enough, it is far removed from the artificial copper-plate productions of the village school. When one considers that the child's book learning stops abruptly at thirteen or fourteen, it is not to be wondered at that the man's power of expressing himself on paper is limited. One worthy man used constantly to send a little note asking for more "metsam," and a woman once wrote to complain of some medicine that she thought disagreed with her baby, that it "made un wretch trebble."

At first my husband found our West-country dialect puzzling. It is not only that the pronunciation is unlike that of ordinary English, but the meaning of many words and phrases is quite unexpected. What can be the appropriate treatment for a woman who says, "I do feel all over alike," and who either cannot or will not give any other description of her symptoms. "He be main rough this marnen," means that the patient's friends think that he is very ill indeed, and not that his manners leave something to be desired. One day the doctor ordered beef-tea for a boy who was recovering from pneumonia, to be met by this curious form of objection, "I bain't terrible wropped up in beef-tea." A Westsex peasant will very seldom give a direct negative or affirmative, so that if he says that he is not "wropped up" in anything it really means that he has a great dislike to it. If, on the other hand, he says, "I don't mind if I do," it means that he is very anxious to do whatever it may be that he is talking about, and not that he is indifferent to it, as one would naturally suppose. Another curious piece of dialect is the use of the word "frightened" with the meaning of "surprised." If a person who had been ill made a more rapid recovery than his friends expected, the doctor would very likely be told "John

be a sight better to-day, sir. We was fair frightened to see 'un looking so well."

Though the West-country man has not kissed the Blarney Stone with the passion of an Irishman, yet he seldom foregoes the pleasure of saying smooth things, whether the facts warrant this indulgence or not, though perhaps without much intention of being actually deceitful. This desire to please makes him an easy person to get on with, when you know, and can therefore make allowance for his peculiar mental attitude in regard to fact and fiction.

Two important parts of a country practice are the club and Poor-law appointments, which are both underpaid. A year or two ago there were still some clubs in this district whose members paid the doctor 3*s.* a year for advice and medicine, but this has now been raised to 5*s.* Even 5*s.* does not allow any margin of profit unless the club is large and the members are young men. A laborer cannot perhaps afford more than this, and the doctors do not grudge their charity to poor people. But among the members of the large friendly societies are to be found men who, though they might have been earning very little on joining the club as young men, have since reached a better financial position than the doctor himself. These people may, at any time, require a great deal of attention, and are more exacting than an ordinary patient, as they have no bill to consider. They would not like to be told that they were receiving charity, but what else is medical attendance and medicine for 5*s.* a year? On the other hand, there is no cheating about this sort of transaction, as too often happens when the doctor's bill is in question. Some well-to-do people will send for him constantly and consume quantities of medicine, with no intention of paying his fees, or

if they do eventually pay it is very likely after several years have elapsed.

The famous old Latin epigram is as true as ever. Here is Timothie Kendall's sixteenth-century version of it:

Three faces the Phisition hath;  
First as an Angell he,  
When he is sought; next when he helps,  
A god he seems to be;  
And last of all, when he hath made  
The sicke, diseased, well,  
And asks his guerdon, then he seems  
An oughly Fiend of Hell.

However, there are a good many honest people who pay their debts faithfully, and these are by no means always the richest. Payment in kind is a fairly common occurrence in the country, but it is an unsatisfactory plan. The things that are sent to pay a bill are not always as good as those which would be sent to market, and they are charged at the highest possible rate. But with all its drawbacks a "contra" is better than nothing. Another peculiarity of money transactions with country people is, that even when a "warm" man comes to pay a bill, he will not scruple to ask that a few shillings should be given back to him, and will accept half-a-crown or a florin with alacrity. To set against this, the doctor himself sometimes gets a present—a bit of china, a bunch of flowers, some plants for his herbaceous border, or the loan of a horse—from a grateful cottager or farmer. These little kindnesses are very pleasant. Often when people are ill they and their friends treat the doctor as a machine, that requires neither food nor rest, and that works for their exclusive benefit. But a doctor is really a very "human man," and occasional kindness and personal consideration go far to lighten a hard day's work.

Children make fast friendships with "Doctor." A little girl whom he had cured used to ask her mother to send for him whenever anything in the cot-



tage was not quite to her liking, in the firm belief that he could put everything right. Only a few days ago a small boy came bravely to the surgery to have a tooth pulled out. This was more painful than he had expected, and when he told his mother all about it, he added, "But I know Doctor tried not to hurt me." One day a little girl who had just recovered from a bad illness, and who lived higher up the river on which lies our village, was found throwing flowers into the stream, to float down to "Doctor," she said. He was ill himself at the time, and she was very anxious to do something for him, and she was too young to do anything else.

Grown-up people sometimes express their admiration for "Doctor" with considerable picturesqueness. Not long ago a woman, who wished to show that she appreciated his skill and kindness, assured him that she was sure he had all the qualities a doctor ought to have, and which she proceeded to define as "the 'and of a lady, the eye of an 'awk, and the 'cart of a lion." Though one smiles at the quaintness of the woman's way of expressing herself, there is much truth in the underlying thought.

Once in the middle of a bad epidemic  
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of influenza, I happened to say to an old woman, who had been my nurse, that I hoped the doctor would not catch it himself. She smiled reassuringly, and said there was no danger of that, as all doctors had a certain powder that they used to guard themselves from infection, and I quite failed to convince her that they had no such thing, and that if they had they would give it to their patients.

But, unhappily, the doctor has no charmed life. When he falls ill the practice and the patients appear in a new light. The work goes on as usual, guided by another hand, and the club or parish patient who at ordinary times would ring the bell violently and stump into the surgery with a clatter of hobnail boots, then creeps in on tiptoe, and speaks in a whisper, and those who are too ill to come out ask first for news of "Doctor" before they begin to recount their own symptoms to the new medical man.

After all, in spite of the hard work and small pay, there must be something attractive about the life of a general practitioner, as men who are not forced to for economic reasons often bring up their sons to succeed them, even in a country practice.

## THE WILD HEART.

BY M. E. FRANCIS (*Mrs. Francis Blundell*).

### CHAPTER XXIII.

Tamsine's wedding day dawned at last—a golden glorious August morning, without so much as a speck in the sky.

Sam had absented himself from the festivities, having refused to assist at his sister's nuptials unless Martha West were also invited, a concession which his father resolutely declined to make. The other boys were in a

state of great excitement. They had all been tubbed overnight in honor of the occasion, and Edwin, clad in a new suit of blue knickerbockers, was tied firmly by the waist to a chair while his elders were inducted into garments of corresponding splendor.

Tamsine assisted her mother in performing these complicated toilets, giving a final polish to more than one chubby countenance and a final brush

to all the curly heads before donning her own pretty gown. Mrs. Strange was in the act of fastening the last collar round the sturdy neck of the lad who came next to Sam, when Mrs. Cornick arrived from Chudbury in Tranter Haskell's cart, having made herself very fine with a red flower in her bonnet and a pair of white cotton gloves, short enough to allow a strip of wrist to appear between them and the sleeve of her best Sunday gown, which wrist, partly by effect of contrast, vied in hue with the flower aforesaid.

"'Tis you, Mrs. Cornick!" exclaimed Mrs. Strange with a mixture of agitation and condescension. "Time must be gettin' on, I'm afeard. I haven't so much as begun to dress myself yet. It do take such a martial time to get the lads ready."

"Well, it's not so very early, mum," rejoined Mrs. Cornick. "I do think your clocks here do seem a bit slow, and Tranter's horse did seem to take a terrible time to get here. I'm sure I don't wonder you do find it hard work to get all they gurt bwoys dressed. But they do look nice, jist about—yes, I'll say that, mum."

Mrs. Strange cast a gratified glance on her little tribe; she desired them, however, with some sharpness to sit down and not move a finger while she and sister were dressing.

"'Ees," continued Mrs. Cornick, as the matron turned to leave the room. "you have a long family, mum, to be sure; but the Lard fits the back to the burden, don't He? I did never have but the two."

"I'm sorry neither of 'em could come to-day," returned Mrs. Strange, from the doorway.

"Well, I could ha' wished it, too. But, there, things haven't fell out as I'd a-hoped for, but very like every-thing's for the best. My darter, she is but a poor nesh creetur at the best o' times, Mrs. Strange, an' she's a-

seeln' to things up to the farm, so as to have all ready when they do get back. An' Tim—well, there, he did say he wer' busy too, but I d' 'low the truth is he hadn't the heart to come."

Mrs. Strange had not waited to hear this lengthy explanation, and indeed by the time that Mrs. Cornick had reached the long-drawn sigh and shake of the head with which she concluded, was already vigorously sponging her flushed face in an upper room.

Tamsine's bridesmaid, a rosy-cheeked, fair-haired girl, who had been her play-mate in former days, was assisting her to dress, and now stood in admiration before the image which she presented, clad all in her rustling silk and with the white hat delicately poised on her dark tresses.

"Well, there, ye do look vitty, jist about!" she exclaimed. "There was some thought ye'd be wearin' a wreath an' veil, Tamsine; 'tis more fayshionable, they d' say, an' your havin' such a nice place o' your own, ye'd have a right to wear en. But I d' 'low the hat's very becomin'."

"Yes, I like the hat best," agreed the bride. "I should feel funny dressed up as mid be jist for show in things what I could never wear again, but this hat 'ull do me nice for Sundays, an' I can wear the dress now an' again of a very fine day or when we've company."

"I do think Mr. Davidge is a very handsome man," said the other girl. "an' so pleasant too. How he did make us all laugh last Sunday, didn't he? Every one hereabouts do say you're in luck."

"An' so I be," rejoined Tamsine simply; "an' I've a-thanked the Lord for it—there's times when I do feel a'most too happy."

"Tamsine, love, could ye jist fasten this 'ere collar for me?" cried her mother, appearing in the doorway. "There, thik bodice do seem a bit

tight-like, an' I can't manage this new-fangled way of fastening it up on the shoulder. Oh, never mind, I see ye've got your gloves on. Maybe Rose 'ud do it."

"No, I'll do it, mother—I'd like to help to dress ye on my weddin' day. Why, you've hooked it wrong to start with! There, ye be a-pantin' like anythin'. There's lots o' time—don't ye go worryin' yourself like that."

Mrs. Strange's honest brow and even her smooth hair were indeed damp with agitation, and she panted to such an extent that her daughter could hardly adjust the folds of the new-fashioned, plum-colored bodice across her ample bosom.

"Sit ye down an' rest a minute before putting on your bonnet," said the bride, kissing the ruddy cheek. "I don't want ye to go upsettin' yourself this day of all days."

As Mrs. Strange sank into a chair Tom's voice sounded from the adjacent room—

"Will anybody come an' put my tie right? The dalled thing do seem to set all crookedy."

"Shall I go?" inquired Rose, making a step forward, but Mrs. Strange caught her by the sleeve.

"No, my dear, though I'm sure it's terrible kind o' ye; but Strange m'd very like have his coat off, an' he's a very particular man."

Rose drew back, somewhat abashed, and feeling she had committed a solecism. She had frequently seen Mr. Strange in a coatless condition without observing that his delicacy was shocked thereby, or sustaining any injury to her, but doubtless on such occasions as these a higher rule of etiquette obtained.

At last all was ready. The little ivy-grown church was but a stone's throw away from the door, and though Tamsine would have been well content to have walked thither, she con-

sented to drive in accordance with a request from her mother.

"There, my dear, I do think as it 'ud seem more respectable-like—more particular for a maid in your position wi' a farm of her own. As you do know very well, everybody hereabout do think it fittin' to drive to a weddin', an' I wouldn't like 'em to think you grudged the expense.

A carriage, therefore, with two gray horses drew up beside the little wicket gate, and Tamsine, her parents, and bridesmaid took their places therein, while Mrs. Cornick marshalled the younger members of the Strange family and drove them before her like a flock of chickens, bringing up the rear with little Edwin.

The ensuing ceremony "passed off" as the neighbors said—and many of them were present—"so nice as could be." Only one unusual incident occurred: when the clergyman pronounced for the bridegroom's edification the words of the marriage vow beginning, "I, John, take thee, Thomasine," the young man altered the formula to "I, Jack Davidge, take thee, Tamsine," and continued this method of procedure throughout.

The bride's head was modestly drooped, as was but becoming, and her voice was almost inaudible; but the bridesmaid subsequently announced that she had followed her lover's example, and instead of echoing the words of the rector, murmured, "I, Tamsine, take thee, Jack Davidge."

David subsequently congratulated his new-made wife on her quickness in following his lead.

"You see, love," he said, "I couldn't abear to think us m'dn't be married right, and I didn't know how 'twould be if I did use a false name; but David's is Davidge, ye see. Each time I did say Davidge I was thinking David, so us be man an' wife as fast as Church an' law can make us."

Tamsine had assisted in preparing her own wedding feast, and, had it not been for the current superstition, would have made her own wedding-cake. She superintended the operations of her mother, nevertheless, and that good woman compounded and baked it under her auspices. It is the nature of wedding-cake to be heavy and indigestible, and if the cake in question was extremely black and luscious within, while the outer coating of sugar was of plasterlike weight and hardness, the guests felt that all was as it should be, and complimented mother and daughter alike.

The rest of the preparations were on a corresponding scale. No less than three pairs of chickens had been slaughtered, while the goose, which would in the ordinary course of events have graced the table at Michaelmas, now stood at the head of the board, resembling in form some unusual quadruped, owing to the difficulty Mrs. Strange had found in duly arranging the wing-bones.

Mr. Strange made a speech which was rather long and rather involved, but contained such touching sentiments that not a few of his listeners wept. Even Tamsine's blue eyes were dim for the moment; it was true she had left the family circle three years before, and would continue to abide in the same home which she had then made for herself, nevertheless when her father talked so feelingly about losing his only daughter and making a sacrifice for her greater good, she would have possessed a harder heart than was hers in reality had she remained unmoved.

But when David rose in his turn and spoke a few of his gay, well-chosen sentences, behold they were all laughing, and Tamsine wiped her eyes and laughed too.

Then came the cutting of the cake which Tamsine achieved with some

difficulty. Everybody had a piece, the young girls retaining a portion of theirs "to dream on," and little Edwin laying up stores of future anguish which would culminate in the shape of doses from the shiny blue glass bottle that lived on a corner of his mother's chimney-piece.

Now it was time for the couple to depart, their health having been drunk in the best old brown sherry and port wine supplied by the Branston grocer.

The newly-married pair had declined to return home in the magnificent equipage which had carried them to church, and Bob and the gig were in waiting—Bob very smart with harness all a glitter with polishing, and with white favors at his ears, while the trap was newly painted and re-cushioned.

"Good luck, my dear!" cried Mrs. Strange, melting into tears as she folded Tamsine in her arms.

"Take care of her, Davidge," said Tom, almost fiercely as he grasped his son-in-law's hand.

"Where's the rice?" asked Rose, giggling.

The boys, laughing and shouting, pelted their sister as she climbed into her place; handfuls of the grain rested on the brim of her white hat and ran down David's neck. Edwin running into the road threw an old shoe after the gig, as Bob, startled at the noise, threw up his head and trotted briskly off. He kept up this unusual pace as long as they remained on the high road, but on turning aside into the less frequented tracks soon dropped into a walk, and even paused now and then to nibble a grassy bank; for indeed the couple had so much to say to each other that they took little note of his proceedings.

Though Martha West had not been present in person at the wedding, that fiercely rebellious spirit of hers

had throughout the day hovered round the unconscious pair.

Each time the clock struck she pictured to herself their doings. "Now they are on their way to church. . . . Now they are being married." When she and her aunt sat down to their very frugal meal she thought of the plenty enjoyed by the wedding guests, and heard in fancy their jests and laughter. Towards the afternoon she grew even more restless, and at length, stealing away, ensconced herself in a birch copse skirting the lane, which the wedded lovers must traverse on their way from the high road to the downs.

There she sat, while the long glowing day drew to its close, hugging her knees and brooding, her impatience growing with every moment that the expected pair tarried; her cheeks burning feverishly, her parched tongue cleaving to the roof of her mouth. Becoming conscious suddenly of its dryness, she laughed bitterly to herself; they would be drinking the bride's health down yonder at Little Branston.

At last the sound of an approaching vehicle fell upon her ears, and she crouched low beneath the hedge, glaring through the interlacing boughs and straining her ears. The linked thuds of the horse's feet denoted that he was proceeding at a walk; now came an occasional bump of the wheels on the rough track, the creaking of harness—now the sound of a woman's laugh, then a man's tones, low and deep.

"Here they are," she said to herself, and clenched her hands tighter; how slow they were!

The hoof-beats—muffled because of the grassy surface of the lane—drew nearer; she could hear the careless slap of the reins on the horse's back, meant, as the animal very well knew, to punctuate the driver's discourse and not to accelerate his own progress.

Now, as the horse's head came round the corner she could see the white favours streaming in the sun, and at length the long-expected sight met her gaze. David and Tamsine sitting side by side, his arm encircling her waist, her head resting upon his shoulder. Tamsine had taken off her hat, and as the vehicle jolted past the copse, the level rays of the sinking sun sliding between the slender birch saplings rested on her uncovered hair—"the most beautiful hair in the world!"

Martha bit her lip to prevent herself from screaming aloud. The blood hammered so violently in her brain that she could not distinguish what they were saying to each other, but after they had passed her place of ambush and begun the ascent of the downs, the words came floating back to her, spoken by Tamsine:—

"'Tis that what do make me feel so proud and so joyful—that you should never have loved any woman but me."

Again a cry rose in Martha's throat, and in the effort to suppress it she lost David's reply; but she could imagine it. She could imagine how he would smile and drop his voice and look deep into the eyes of the girl whom he was deceiving. Ah! but she was to be envied for being thus deluded! Another woman, older and wiser, would gladly have taken her place and basked in those false smiles.

Standing there amid the gently swaying, silvery-stemmed birches, the leaves of which, already yellowing after a hot summer, were fluttering in a light breeze, while the grasses at her feet sighed and rustled, she stood so motionless that the innocent denizens of the wild disregarded her presence. Little rabbits frolicked scarce half a dozen paces away, a bird balanced itself on a twig of the hedge which she could have touched with her hand; yet that hand, like its fellow, was so

tightly clenched that the nails were embedded in the palm.

Shepherd Cornick was waiting for the bridal couple when they drove into the yard of Strange's, and came silently forward to take the horse.

"I give 'ee joy, Mrs. Davidge," he said, huskily, after the girl had alighted.

"Thank you, Tim," said she, holding out her hand.

Cornick shook it, making odd contortions of the face the while in order to conceal his emotion; and then turned to David.

"An' I give ye joy, too," he said gruffly.

"I'm obliged to ye, mate," said David, grasping his hand warmly.

Cornick's brow cleared. All that day he had been schooling himself to patience against the moment when the whilom shepherd Davidge should begin to come "mester" over him; but his mistress's husband had grasped his hand with neighborly warmth and hailed him from the outset as "mate."

Tim felt re-established in his own estimation; he had sometimes taken himself to task during the preceding weeks for being so poor-spirited as to dread leaving the spot where he had labored all his life and the service which was still dear to him for Tamsine's sake.

David's tactfulness had rendered it possible for him to work side by side with him without loss of self-respect.

Meanwhile Tamsine had gone indoors. Mrs. Hathaway, Tim's sister, had prepared everything with the exception of making the tea.

"I could bide and do that if you do wish, she said in a melancholy tone.

She was a long-faced, sallow-complexioned woman, very unlike her mother or brother, and still more unlike her famous namesake. There were no Shakespearian scholars in the village to comment on the freak of fate which

had led plain Anne Cornick to marry a person of the name of Hathaway.

"No, no," rejoined Tamsine hastily. "It is late; I am sorry to have kept you so long as 'tis. You had best go home with Tim."

David wheeled the gig into its place, eager to assist Tim, in order that the latter might have the less reason for lingering, for he was in haste to be alone with his bride, and by the time that Anne came out of the house bonneted and cloaked, the shepherd was waiting for her at the gate. Cornick nodded to David without speaking and strode away so rapidly that his sister had some difficulty in keeping pace with him.

When they had disappeared from view David went into the house, making fast the door behind him. He stood still for a moment just within the room. Thus had he stood hesitating when he had first crossed that threshold. Then, as now, he and Tamsine were alone in the house together, but to-day the house was his home and Tamsine was his wife.

He could hear her moving about overhead, and presently went upstairs very softly.

Tamsine, ever thrifty and daintily careful, was in the act of fastening a big apron over her bridal gown before putting the kettle on to boil. She looked round at the sound of his light tread; but he paused on the threshold of the little white room, and did not speak when she came towards him. When she was close to him she saw that his eyes were full of tears.

"David!" she exclaimed in a low voice, and stretched out her arms.

He took her hands in his and held them gently, still leaning against the lintel of the door.

"What is the matter?" she asked then, tremulously—"Aren't ye happy, David?"

"I'm too happy," he said brokenly.



"I'm so happy—that I'm afeared. Tamsine, love, I don't deserve it! If I had my rights I ought to be lyin' out there under the sky, as I lay the first night when I watched this window."

"No, David, don't say such things," she interrupted quickly. "Wherever I am, there you have the right to be, now."

But he shook his head:—

"D'ye mind that first day when you were helping me to hide from shepherd Cornick? Ye bid me hide here, but I didn't dare to cross the threshold. I'm not fit to cross it now. You are so good, Tamsine, I'm not fit to take ye in my arms—a white angel like you!"

"Oh, David," said Tamsine, with a great sob, "I'm not an angel. I am just—just a poor girl—your wife who loves you."

And she flung herself upon his breast.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

By mutual consent the young couple spent their honeymoon at "Strange's." Tamsine's family were much surprised that they did not take a trip to Weymouth or "Bourne," or even London, but David and Tamsine were so happy in each other's company that they wanted nothing else.

"We must be quite by ourselves, though," said he.

"That's my view too," she rejoined. "I want nothin' and nobody but you."

Once more, therefore, Mrs. Cornick migrated to her little cottage in the dip, coming up to the farm for some hours each day to accomplish the housework, for though the newly-wedded pair remained at home they made holiday.

It seemed as if they would never tire of wandering over the golden downs or sitting in the dense summer shade of the wood, sometimes in silence, sometimes making confidences to each other.

David would perhaps relate chapters from his own adventurous life, avoiding that dark page which, since their wedding day, both had tacitly agreed to look on as turned down and done with; or, having been an omnivorous reader in his boyhood, and even when occasion offered in later years, he would tell her "things out of a book." In either case Tamsine found him the best of company, and would gaze at him with serious rapt blue eyes, catching her breath now and then over some especially exciting detail, or uttering a little phrase indicative of interest and admiration.

So absorbed were they in each other that they took little note of external things, and Mrs. Cornick was suffered to work her own sweet will in the establishment.

On a certain Saturday, however, about three weeks after the wedding, Tamsine's orderly soul was stricken at the condition of her living room, in which she detected a general appearance of disarrangement and an unusual accumulation of dust.

"I really must turn this out to-day," she said to David. "There, 'tis scarce fit to be seen. Mrs. Cornick, poor soul, do do her best, but she can't keep the place as it should be kept. You an' me 'ull have our dinner at home for once, and you'll see what a nice tidy place I'll have ready for ye when you come in again."

David sat down on the edge of the settle, and looked at her.

"And what am I to do?" he asked discontentedly.

Tamsine took a pin out of her mouth and fastened together her skirts, which she had turned back. There was a certain joyous activity in her movements, for she belonged to the order of women who love work for work's sake.

"Well, what would you like to do?" she asked briskly. "I should think

Tim Cornick 'ud be glad if ye'd step up to the top field an' give a look round. Him and Jimmy are shiftin' the hurdles again," she added.

David stretched his long arms and laughed a little ruefully.

"Ye think, maybe, I ought to be helpin' to shift 'em too," he suggested.

"Well, o' course the work 'ud get on faster," returned Tamsine. "There, isn't it nice to think ye'll be workin' for ye-self now when ye do lend a hand? You be the master, and when the master do help a bit it do seem to put more heart in the men. All the time I'm workin' here, I'll be thinkin' I'm workin' for you—an' all I do do 'ull seem twice as easy."

She pulled up her sleeves, and David, catching one arm, kissed it just below the elbow; then he rose slowly and went sauntering out.

Tamsine looked after him with a smile that was almost maternal in its indulgent tenderness—"He doesn't half like breakin' into our holiday," she reflected; "but a bit o' work is good for us all, an' he'll enjoy a walk with me all the more this evening."

It was rather past the usual dinner hour when David came back, to find the house swept and garnished and a savory smell issuing from the covered dish by the fire.

Tamsine, a little flushed, but betraying no sign of fatigue, awaited him with a smiling face.

"You're late, but I've got ye just about a good dinner," she announced cheerfully; "you do deserve it arter working so hard."

She set his food before him; everything was well cooked and smoking hot, but he ate little, and his glance kept wandering towards the window.

"This is the first proper dinner you've a-had since we've been married," remarked Tamsine, as she filled his glass with freshly-drawn water from the well. "You and me," she added, laugh-

ing, "be reg'lar staid old married folk now, an' can feel as we'm settled in our own home."

David took a deep draught from his glass, and then sat looking at it meditatively with a half-smile upon his lips.

"'Tis nice an' cold, that," he said, "but it doesn't taste so good as the water I gave ye in the big leaf yesterday out o' the little stream at the back o' Holl Wood. D'ye know what I'd like?" he added dreamily. "I'd like you an' me to go wandering off an' live in the woods for a bit. Us could take some food wi' us to start wi', or I could catch things for ye to eat, an' there'd be the berries and nuts o' course, an' we'd drink from the stream same as we did do yesterday. I'd make ye a little hut o' branches to keep the heat o' the sun off ye, an' we'd have a bed o' fern——"

"David!" cried Tamsine, astonished and alarmed; then presently beginning to laugh unsteadily—"You are talking nonsense-talk for a joke. Ye'd never like us to sleep out-o'-door?"

"In this lovely weather I would," he rejoined. "You've never tried it, so ye don't know, but I can tell 'ee there's nothin' like wakin' up and seein' the stars twinklin' down at ye, an' the branches movin' between you and the sky—an' then turnin' over an' fallin' asleep again, an' wakin' up next an' findin' the birds singin' an' the sun shinin'—an' then goin' off to look for a meal."

"If I didn't know you were making fun, I'd think—I don't know what I'd think," said Tamsine tremulously. "I don't like to hear ye go on like that."

David set down his glass and turned towards her smiling.

"Well, if ye didn't like the notion of sleepin' in a wood—we mid have a little van," he said. "'Twould be nice—that—we'd take old Bob to draw us and Carlo, and we'd roam about from

place to place, bidin' here a bit an' there a bit, till we got tired, an' then movin' on—jist us two, with nobody to interfere with us."

"A van!" she exclaimed, almost inarticulately. "Same as common gipsy folk! You couldn't wish that! Why, David, I've taken such pains to make this house nice for ye, an' I'd ax nothin' better nor to serve ye all the days o' my life. It do cut me to the heart to think you do want to leave everything what I was so happy wi' gettin' ready for ye."

"No love," cried he, rousing himself and coming round the table to lift her tearful face to his. "I didn't really mean that. 'Twas but nonsense-talk, as you did say, an' 'tisin't that I didn't value this happy home of ours. 'Twas just the notion of you an' me wanderin' together what did fill my mind for a minute—but we'll talk no more on it now. There, to think I've made ye cry afore we've been a month married—I wish I'd bit my tongue out first."

Tears were still hanging on Tamsine's thick black lashes, but she dashed them away and smiled, and David, going back to his place, took up his knife and fork and disposed of his plateful of stew, with many words of praise and much simulated appetite.

After the meal they sat for a little in the shade of the house wall, and Tamsine's eyes wandered to the garden. From where she sat she could see the thick growth of weeds which had sprung up between the rows of cabbages. David followed the direction of her eyes and laughed:—

"You are a hard-hearted little woman!" he exclaimed; "nothing would please you better than to see me breaking my back this terrible hot day weedin' they cabbages!"

"I was only thinking—I mid do it," rejoined Tamsine with a blush. "There's such a lot o' weeds, and this is Saturday. They'll have seeded

theirselves all over the place by Monday."

"On Monday morning," announced he, "I'll go reg'larly to work at 'em; but you an' me is goin' a-fishin' this afternoon; I did think o' that all of a sudden while I was workin' up yonder wi' the hurdles. It'll be lovely for fishin' after tea. It will be too bright for a bit yet, but they'll rise like anything towards dusk. Go indoor and pack up a basket, an' we'll stroll down to the river and wait in a shady place till tea-time."

"But I don't think we've any right to fish in the river," objected she. "Not without we go a long way from here."

"You go an' pack up that basket," said he, pinching her cheek softly. "I'll show you where we can fish."

She gazed at him hesitatingly for a moment, and he gave her one of his odd bright irresistible looks, whereupon she smiled and sighed and went into the house to obey his behests.

"Shall I take milk as usual?" she called presently from within.

"Only a little; but pack some tea and sugar, I'll boll a kettle while we're waitin'—'twould be nice to have real tea for once."

"We have to cross the high-road and go through the village to get to the river," said she; "we mid meet somebody—'twould look so funny to be carrying a kettle."

"We'll tell 'em we're picnicking," rejoined David. "Come now, are ye nearly ready? The time's goin', goin', goin'! Cornick 'ull be down in the yard directly; let's get off before he comes."

Tamsine presently appeared in the doorway, and he took the basket from her and darting into the house possessed himself of the kettle, with which he emerged in high glee; his face was as excited and eager as a schoolboy's.

"Take care it doesn't black your clothes," urged Tamsine.

"I'll carry it all right," said he.

He drew a long forked stick from the faggot heap, and fashioned it into a crook as he walked; on this he slung the kettle, carrying it over his shoulder and swinging the basket in his other hand.

The afternoon sun was scorching in its heat, and he set his hat a little sideways on his head to ward off the glare. He whistled as he walked, but Tamsine, following him, was conscious of a sudden sinking of the heart; there was something wild and rakish in his aspect which filled her with dim forebodings. Tamsine came of a line of peaceable, law-abiding, thoroughly "respectable" folk, and she had no inclination that was not in accordance with the traditions of her race. The thought struck her as she paced just one step behind the careless, almost fantastic, figure, that if she were to meet one of her kinsfolk now she would feel ashamed; but immediately her faithful heart reproached her; she crimsoned with shame, not on her husband's account, but for her own momentary want of loyalty. Quickening her pace she passed her arm through his, and he, smiling down at her, exchanged his whistling for song.

"The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be.

Yo ho! we go across the sea."

He almost danced as he walked, and by-and-by Tamsine, infected by his light-heartedness, and also as a kind of atonement for her own passing inclination to criticize his doings, fell into step with him, and they skipped along the road like children escaping from school, the crockery rattling inside the basket in time to their movements, and the kettle hammering on the stick.

*The Times.*

As they rounded a sudden corner they came upon two figures standing by a gate. Tamsine at once slowed down, but David, still singing, jerked her elbow so that she only identified them as man and woman.

"The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be," carolled David lustily, as he waltzed round with Tamsine.

"Well," cried a loud voice, which Tamsine instantly recognized as Sam's, "well, I'm just about disgusted! That *my* sister should make such a mountebank of herself!"

"Not mountebanks," said his companion—and as Tamsine was hurried past she had a vision of Martha's pale face and glowing eyes—"they're gipsies, that's what they are! Look at the man! 'Tis a gipsy from head to foot."

"Well, a gipsy's is a merry life," retorted David carelessly over his shoulder. "Come on, love."

He dragged Tamsine along with good-humored force, and she was glad to find herself out of sight of Sam's angry, contemptuous face and those furious eyes of Martha's.

"Oh," she panted, obliging him to pause at length, "I do wish we hadn't a-met them! That woman do fair hate me, David—an' I do feel hurt to think she's turned Sam again me as she've a-done."

"Now, don't you let them spoil our outing," said David. "Put the thought o' them out o' your mind—that's what I do do—I do never think of anything what hurts. Come, cheer up! Here's you an' me same as we were before, an' the blue sky an' the lark a-singin'."

But Tamsine, though she endeavored to obey, could not efface the memory of Martha's scornful look and the gibe which she had flung at them.

"Gipsies! Look at the man!"

*(To be continued.)*

## THE SEAMY SIDE OF TRAVEL.

In the man or woman of middle age at the present day there are usually two personalities at war within the same brain when it is a question of leaving one's home surroundings to see the world beyond it. One half may be still enthusiastic in its appreciation of scenery, of architecture, of strange or new peoples, of historical scenes, world wonders, or great achievements in art and industry. The other half charges the mere bother of *déplacement* to a debit account to begin with, and generally is disposed to resent with increasing emphasis the unnecessary discomforts and risks of travel. We are the more captious, perhaps, because in the age in which we live the numerous persons who do travel with camera and notebook, and who make cinematograph and phonograph records to illustrate their lectures, and collections to enrich our museums, public and private, enable many of us to travel with our minds, without the expense and the discomfort of leaving our own fire-sides or shaded gardens.

Yet, except to those who are incapacitated by bodily ailments, mental or monetary limitations, travel is even more interesting and more profitable than it has ever been, and in some respects safer and more comfortable. But inasmuch as it might be made (especially where British agencies are concerned) so much more comfortable less risky, and less expensive than it is, this article has been conceived and written, not without some thought of private revenge in addition to its altruistic humanitarianism.

There is scarcely a railway station above or below ground in the United Kingdom without a poster which spreads before us the Magic Carpet of the Arabian Nights. On this, happy looking men and women have stationed

themselves whilst a hideous jinn supplies the motive power underneath the carpet, and is seen carrying them from one European capital to another—an intelligent anticipation, perhaps, of the perfected airship.

So much for romance; but those who stop to think and who "have been there before," know that there is no magic carpet as yet provided by any tourist agency which enables any but an alert and watchful, pushful tourist to travel in safety, or without discomfort, from London to Paris, or Paris to London: to say nothing of longer journeys. Indeed, in some ways these tourist agencies have either become too specialized in the matter of yacht cruises and winter sports, or too old, prosperous and unenterprising to attack any longer the hydra-headed tyrants of railway directorates, Customs control, steamship-management, hackney-carriage or hotel owners.

Perhaps the most glaring instance of their indifference, or their powerlessness, one of the most startling anachronisms of the twentieth century, lies in the management of the South Eastern Railway. If I may seem to approach this and other grave subjects with a certain naïveté, it should be premised that it is only of late years that I have had the opportunity to consider things nearer home than Africa, that my departures to and arrivals from Africa were usually connected with Liverpool or Plymouth, and that if I came or went by way of Paris, it was invariably by the no-longer-independent Chatham and Dover Railway Company, or by the Brighton and South Coast. In fact, fate so willed it that it was not till the opening of the present year of grace that I had the unforgettable experience of arriving at Charing Cross Station from the Conti-

nent with luggage to be passed through the Customs. In this recent experience (preceded by a departure from Charing Cross for Germany in which I fulfilled all that was required of me, but my luggage nevertheless was incorrectly labelled and went wildly astray) I have realized more fully than before what it means to land at Dover late on a wintry afternoon, with the temperature below freezing point, fresh from all the luxuries now to be found in Continental railway travel, including carefully warmed railway carriages, and to travel for two hours up to London in an unwarmed first-class compartment. And then, to realize for the first time that although Charing Cross has been the principal terminus of our Continental traffic for something like forty years, it is actually without any special accommodation for the work of Customs examination (unless, of course, such buildings were destroyed at the time the roof fell in, and have not been replaced). On the occasion of my recent personal experience, the luggage from all parts of the Continent, possibly even from India as well, was shot out on to one of the platforms, and left there, higgledy-piggledy. Here the mob of passengers, to which had been added a mob of porters armed with iron-mounted barrows which they drove into one's legs, had to pick out from memory its various items of luggage, get them somehow or other clawed together, and then in its utter despair plead with H.M. Customs to take for granted that its declaration of no dutiable goods was a true one. For what would have happened on this last occasion (January 31, 1911) if the Customs had insisted on any opening of the luggage, I tremble to think. An icy wind was blowing in through the great open funnel of the station, two defeated football teams had arrived from France, and

wanted their luggage straight away to catch trains for the north, several fellow-passengers with broken limbs (the result of Alpine sports) were surrounded by beves of pitying relations and hospital nurses; engines were screaming to drown the human clamor, or letting off steam, which temporarily eclipsed all clear vision: in short, it was an indescribable babel of noise and misery, and the Customs officials being, as they always are, true gentlemen, simply scabbled a passport on all pieces of luggage they could see and left the passengers and their porters to help themselves. I selected my own quite honestly, of course, but there seemed to be no question of my registered receipt, though I did my best to force it on the porter that helped me.

Now, surely, this is unworthy of the principal railway route to and from the Continent, at the principal continental-traffic station of the capital of the British Empire, in the year 1911? At Victoria Station, both of the Brighton Railway and of what was once the Chatham and Dover, there is a spacious enclosed room of very large size in which all the luggage is ranged on benches, and, if I remember rightly, is placed either according to its label number or the first initial of the owners' name on the label. You enter these places without rush or scrimmage, you identify and claim your luggage without difficulty, and if it has got to be opened it is opened under comfortable conditions.

Then, if you are so satisfied with the two Victorias, why travel to and from the Continent in connection with any other station?"

But the Brighton Victoria involves the Dieppe route, of which more anon; and as regards the South Eastern, the continental trains connected with Victoria are either too expensive with their supplementary charges, for the tourist who is not actually a rich per-



son; or they depart or arrive at inconvenient hours. The plain fact remains that Charing Cross is connected with the most-commonly-used section of the direct traffic with the Continent; and Charing Cross remains to this day as utterly unequipped for dealing with the luggage on arriving, as it was apparently forty-five years ago.

There is no doubt that the absence of any proper shelter and refreshment rooms at Dover Pier is a disgrace to the British nation. Why cannot Dover be as well equipped as Calais? What is the use of putting forward the fact (which may not be a fact) that you are never detained at the quay, and that somewhere up in the town of Dover there is a railway station which has got decent waiting-rooms and a refreshment department? Seeing that the boat trains never stop at such a station, the existence of its alleged comforts has no bearing on the question.

Folkstone is a little, but not much, better. But some mystery, some slur, which I have never been able to understand, seems to lie on the Folkestone-Boulogne route; by which I have once or twice travelled (with, if I remember rightly, great unpunctuality). Far and away the main bulk of passengers travelling between London and the Continent go by way of Dover and Calais.

Now: as to the crossing of the Channel at its narrowest part—Dover to Calais. This is constantly advertised as being achieved in a few minutes over the hour. On the smoothest day in my own experiences, it never takes less than an hour and a half, and it would be interesting to learn how often the trains connected with it at Dover leave for London at the advertised time. The railway that controls this route advertises with a flourish of trumpets the splendid steamers which meet the trains, though even their ad-

vertised speed—nineteen to twenty-two miles an hour—does not come up to the speed of the steamers plying between Denmark and Germany, Denmark and Sweden, or similar short-journey steamers between Hamburg and the Dutch coast. But the principal trains between Charing Cross and the Continent are not (in my experience) often served by any one of these advertised steamers, but by the *Pas-de-Calais*, a French boat, which I should think scarcely did more than seventeen knots an hour, and which is certainly *not* the last word in comfort and conveniences, but about dated in that respect "1880." I never remember to have crossed the Channel in any boat connected with the South Eastern trains which seemed to me in comfort and speed worthy of the position in the world of the United Kingdom. I am aware that added comforts can be had for extra payments ranging from 11. to 121. (for a journey which ought to take no longer than an hour), but this is only part and parcel of the general policy of the continental traffic of this line, which makes it more and more difficult for people of modest means (as are most travellers) to avail themselves comfortably of the shortest sea route. The one thing, however, rich people cannot buy on these Channel steamers, is the right to leave them comfortably; no matter how great, rich or distinguished you are, you must take part with perhaps 100 fellow-passengers in struggling to leave the ship by a steep gangway which admits one person at a time. As most of the persons who leave carry two or three articles of luggage, the scrimmage inflicts many bruises and scratches. The reason why this shoving and excitement takes place is in order to secure comfortable seats in the waiting train.

On most of the big expresses abroad, at any rate during the seasons when there is much traffic, every seat in the

first and second class is numbered, and passengers wishing to make sure of a seat in the train must apply beforehand with their tickets for a number. In many ways this is an excellent system and might be (perhaps is) adopted by the Brighton line in connection with its continental traffic from Dieppe. But I think it unfair that the railway companies and the tourist agencies should make the charge they do for booking these seats. The mere taking of a ticket for a specified date should entitle one to a specified seat in a particular train. However, if the system of numbered seats could be adopted right through between London and the Continent, if on landing at Dover or Newhaven you knew your seat was inevitably allotted to you, there would be no need for this pushing and elbowing along a narrow passage to get first to the train.

It is some years since I made use of the Brighton line for reaching Paris. I used at one time to travel frequently by this way, and liked it. But I changed my mind a few years ago, as in certain ways I did not find the Channel steamers comfortable,<sup>1</sup> and, above all, after landing at Dieppe it was difficult to keep one's seat in the train except by sitting in it, and as this precluded the whiling away of an hour's waiting by taking refreshments or walking about, it made the journey tedious. Again: the St. Lazare terminus at Paris of the State Western Railways is, or was, badly supplied with cabs. I have several times arrived there and had to wait half an hour whilst a cab was being specially fetched from outside the station. Then

again, the accommodation and the arrangements at the St. Lazare for the Customs examinations are far less pleasant and convenient than they are at the Northern station.

Why cannot all railway companies throughout the civilized world follow the example of Germany, and arrange that passengers on arrival shall be handed a metal ticket with the number of a cab or motor, which is unchangeably assigned to them and must wait for them till their luggage is ready to leave the station? Such a convenience in Germany greatly assists nervous and fidgety people. At most of the London railway termini at the present day it is almost due to a personal favor on the part of the porter that one succeeds in getting a motor-cab at all.

Marseilles is a most ill-equipped port in this respect. There are plenty of motor-cabs in the town, but they are, I am told, "afraid" to approach the quays where the steamers disembark their passengers, and such passengers landing at Marseilles from various parts of the world, though they may by telegraphing beforehand get an omnibus from the station (but this is an appeal not infrequently ignored), can only get away from the waterside to the inconveniently-placed railway station in the most tumble-down, miserable little victorias to be found anywhere, with dirty, shabby cushions, and no capacity for carrying luggage—carriages that are wrenched from side to side in the tramlines, and which impose a cruel strain on their poor little horses in climbing up five hundred feet to the station. Why was the great terminus at Marseilles apparently placed without any regard to the fact that Marseilles is one of the greatest seaports in the world—a seaport as important to the United Kingdom as much as to France, for it has become really the outpost of Great Britain on the Mediterranean? There is this preten-

<sup>1</sup> I am since assured by a great Tourist Agency that the points I complained of have been completely remedied. If the *Etat-Ouest* would wake up a little, the Dieppe route to Paris should become the favorite one, but the State mismanagement of the Western Railway is becoming a serious concern to the friends and lovers of France. I am told by one who ought to know that the cause of the numerous accidents and the great unpunctuality is an unwise economy in upkeep.

tious terminus built on the edge of a cliff at the height of about five hundred feet above sea level, and at a distance of two or three miles from the quays. I believe there is a line of rail that goes by a circuitous route down to the quay where the P. & O. steamers call, and I imagine that it is possible thus occasionally for P. & O. passengers to go straight from their steamer to their train and vice versa, though such has never been my experience in my journeys by the P. & O. boats. But, of course, Marseilles being what it is—and it is nothing else, for apart from its importance as a seaport it is one of the few really uninteresting towns in all France—its great expresses to and from Paris and Calais should start from a new station on the quays in close touch with the landing of passengers from steamers from all parts of the world.

In connection with this, consider the importance of Algiers or Tunis as winter resorts. Algeria is among the wonderlands of the world, and one of the most interesting countries known to us. The beautiful town of Algiers itself ought to be within forty-eight hours of London. In fine weather, even the unremarkable steamers of the *Transatlantique* do the journey between Marseilles and Algiers in twenty-two hours. Instead of there being a train to meet the arrival or departure of the boat at Marseilles, there is a gap of many hours and a most disagreeable journey by a ramshackle conveyance between the far-away station and the dirty, obstructed quay. If Marseilles does not wake up a little, attempt to fill up some of its gaps, in time and distance, and keep under control the unruly population of its quays, a large part of its custom will leave it and will possibly be transferred to Genoa, which under German enterprise is going ahead to a remarkable extent. A noteworthy

point might have been observed in the North African press of the last week in January 1911: the cordial, not to say enthusiastic, welcome accorded by the French colonists at Bizerta (Tunis) to the arrival of the first steamer of a German line which is to open up a direct route between Genoa and Tunis. Similar newspapers had announced just before that another German line was taking away much of the passenger traffic from the *Transatlantique* boats in connection with the town of Algiers. I scarcely wonder either at the French enthusiasm for a German steamship line to Tunis, or the preference shown by English and American tourists for reaching Algiers by way of Genoa and German boats. The German boats are big, powerful, steady, and extraordinarily comfortable. The French boats on most of the lines that ply between Marseilles and North Africa are small, very much inclined to roll, and in most cases not speedy. Not only that, but their cuisine, which used to be so good and atoned for so much, has fallen to a type altogether unworthy of France.

Some of the great English steamship lines keep well to the forefront as regards speed, cleanliness, comfort, and good food. I have little but praise to utter in regard to the great lines of the Atlantic and the Royal Mail. A cruise in the big steamers of the last-named line is *really* a pleasure cruise; the same may be said about the Orient line to Ceylon and Australia and (though I have no personal experience) of the lines which cross the Pacific between Australia and Vancouver Island. I dare say there has been a corresponding improvement and bringing up to date in the African steamship lines under the British flag, but my experience of them in the closing years of the 19th century was such that I generally sought a French, a German, or an Austrian steamer in preference, if I could find one. I never forgot one journey

home from South Africa, in the early nineties, when I had to share a first-class cabin with three other passengers, one of whom was a dipsomaniac, another scarcely took his clothes off or washed, and slept clothed on his bunk, and the third was far gone in consumption, and spat blood at intervals during the night into the wash-basin. It is curious to think that these horrors and outrages on civilized ideas took place not so very many years ago. The fact is, that it should be made *illegal* by the maritime laws of all nations to oblige persons to share their sleeping compartment. There might be double-berthed cabins made for husband and wife; otherwise, all cabins, cubicles or bunks, should be allotted to single occupants, unless, of course, the vessel is of such a character and going on such a short journey that it is convenient to turn all her sleeping accommodation into one large dormitory, much on the lines of the sleeping accommodations on an American train.

I know that certain steamers still ply from port to port on the Indian Ocean and its tributary gulfs and seas, which swarm with cockroaches and with rats. The African steamer to which I have already referred, besides the three unpleasant human companions, swarmed with bugs; and I have not so many years ago been severely bitten by these disgusting insects on the steamers of a well-known Channel route, and have had the melancholy satisfaction of calling credible witnesses to testify to their existence. Other steamers equally plying across the Channel have—or had—the unsuitable plush coverings of their first-saloon couches full of fleas. Down to my experiences of a short while ago, only one line of steamers plying to and from Holyhead across the Irish Channel could be regarded as free from fleas. I do not mean by these statements to imply just a little nip here

and there, but attacks which completely robbed one of sleep and caused one to leave the boat puffy and unwell.

My recorded experiences of Ireland were that it was only in Ulster, in Ulster hotels and on Ulster railways, and steamboats plying to and from Ulster ports, that one could be confident of cessation from the flea persecution. The indifference to fleas over all the rest of Ireland is lamentable. As a rule, their existence is denied. I remember not many years ago—within the present century—complaining of this to a guest who breakfasted with me at one of the leading hotels at Dublin (an hotel in every other way first class). He denied the imputation somewhat hotly, though an Ulsterman himself. "In this hotel, for example," he began, . . . At that instant a large flea hopped from the *ewigkeit* into the marmalade. I pointed voicelessly to its dying struggles. Yet Ireland is one of the most picturesque countries in the world, and with a far better climate than it has been given credit for. Dublin, so far as its architecture is concerned, is a truly noble city. But if Ireland wishes to have the annual troops of tourists which she is interesting enough to deserve, there must be a national movement for getting rid of the flea.

Needless to say, this same pest interferes greatly with the amenities of travel in Southern Italy and in Russia. Southern Spain and Portugal are bad so far as the churches and places of public resort are concerned, but the hotels in those countries are often irreproachable. The hotels in Algeria are remarkably clean, and considering this is a portion of Africa the conveniences and even comforts of travel are well up to date.

In India, though my experiences are not very recent, the flea pest was a great deterrent; but the scenery, build-

ings, and the general life of India are of such unapproachable picturesqueness and interest that, as in Egypt, one is led almost to forget the presence of insect plagues. One great lack on the Indian railways, however, as compared with similar long-journey trains in the United States, is the difficulty of getting good iced water. Soda-water of a very inferior quality and alcoholic drinks (ditto, ditto) are freely offered at the stations, but I hold that the travellers on the trains (as in the United States) should be supplied gratuitously with pure iced water, to combat the terrible thirst which is the chief affliction of Indian travel.

The most comfortable and the cheapest railway travelling in the world is in Germany. The most comfortable of the world's steamers are those under the German flag. Railway travel in the United States, proportionately to the immense distances covered, is very well up to date in convenience and consideration of the passenger, and American hotels would deserve a very high meed of praise were they not so terribly expensive. For the excellence of their accommodation and their food, probably the hotels of France, Germany, Austria and Holland should be bracketed together as being the cheapest in the world, the opposite pole to the costliness of hotel life in the United States. The only fault in British inns and hotels lies in the food. In the simplest of these, in remote country places, the food is at any rate wholesome, though simple—just plain meat, a few very plain vegetables, tarts and puddings. But the average hotel, in contrast to the inn, supplies a meal that is not always wholesome and is generally insipid because its components are various preserved foods or things out of tins and bottles, or substances that have lain so long on ice that they have lost all flavor, or are preserved from decay by boracic acid.

If the typical "railway" hotel would apply itself to furnishing quite simple meals of fresh *home-produced* vegetables, meat, fish, fruits, and pastry, it would attract and satisfy a much larger clientèle. Both in France and in Germany hotel proprietors are beginning to realize that not all, or even many, guests desire, except on extraordinary occasions, meals of many courses. They have grown to tolerate guests who will lunch or dine off a bowl of good bouillon, followed by vegetables, fruit and pastry, or at any rate require but one meat dish not too complicated in its cooking.

I cannot help thinking that if a congress of tourist agencies (railway and steamship companies represented) were called, something might be done all over the world to remove the petty and avoidable discomforts—the seamy side—of travel and bring not only to those who are wealthy, but to those who are not, the chance of finding in travel and change of air a remedy for many ills—of the mind as of the body. Most of us do not want to be personally conducted, to be dry-nursed by an obsequious courier or led about like a grown-up school with total strangers of facile acquaintanceship. We prefer solitude—*à l'un, à deux, ou à trois*—and separate tables: we like such isolation in steamer journeys as you get in the Hamburg-Amerika, the Austrian Lloyd, or the Royal Mail; and not the yacht cruises whereon every shred of privacy and restful reserve is torn from you. We—if I may speak for kindred souls—gratefully acknowledge that the conditions of life on the French and Italian Rivieras are all that the most exaggerated poster makes them out to be; climate on the whole very good, railway arrangements of the Nord and P.L.M. excellent, hotels cheap for the sound comfort or luxury they provide, scenery matchless. But often the good wrought by the stay on the Côte d'Azur

is undone by the experiences between Calais and Charing Cross.

We do not ask that the State should take over the South Eastern Railway—the mismanagement of the State-Western Railway in France and of the State Railways in Belgium is a warning against such a policy. But we do ask (for example) that there shall be better accommodation on Dover pier station, and that all the long-distance (over twenty miles) trains on the South Eastern, Brighton, and South Western lines of our own country should be really warmed in all classes between December 1 and March 1—not merely fitted with a warming apparatus “which is not in working order, sir,” or with 1840 foot-warmers which, if not tepid, warp the boots of the one or two persons able to reach them.

We think that if Charing Cross is to continue to be used for continental passenger traffic it should be fitted with ample accommodation for Customs examination.

We consider that if the future overland route to India (a supreme blessing to mankind) is to be through Germany and Russia and not via Germany, Austria, and Turkey, Russia will have to modernize her passport and Customs strictures: that steps might well be taken with the new Portuguese Government to render the Customs examination at Lisbon less harsh and the port dues less heavy, so that the capital of Portugal might be the quickest escape from the Bay of Biscay and the down-Channel fogs, and the chief calling-place of West Indian, South American, West and South African steamers. (Many a sick West African passenger dies from the miseries of the Bay of Biscay who, if he could be landed at Lisbon and continue his journey overland, might recover and attain to old age.)

The unnecessary rigor of the Customs at Italian ports requires attention

from the same international congress as I have summoned in imagination: so also do the disgusting condition of Italian railway lavatories, and the threatening touts and noisy beggars of Naples (Rome in all respects, especially in its railway station, is an admirably managed city—perfect from the tourists' point of view). The French Government might be invited to save tourists much annoyance and petty robbery by taking measures to seize and destroy all the *non-valable* or bad two-franc and five-franc pieces in circulation. Finding so many un-French pieces having legal currency in France, the mystified foreigner accepts without question a coin with a Greek, Italian, Bulgarian, or Baratarian device; and then not only finds he has been cheated, but is himself denounced as fraudulent if he tenders such a coin to a railway clerk or a cabman.

Taxi-motor-cabs should be in numbers in every big town in close connection with every large station or quay; and they should be so constructed that they can carry a moderate amount of luggage.

It should be forbidden in all countries for the public guardians of museums, picture galleries, and cathedrals to follow strangers about with a view to a tip, thrusting on them unasked-for and usually fatuous information, and thus spoiling many a first fine rapture.

Good iced water should be supplied free of charge on all long-distance trains as it is in America and (I think) in Germany. The names of all stations should be painted clearly in prominent places as they are in the United Kingdom. It should be easier than it is for intending railway travellers to purchase their railway and steamer tickets beforehand. They should not be obliged to stand for half-hours or more waiting their turn to reach the wicket, and then be pushed in the back while they are hurriedly telling their life-



story. And tickets issued beforehand for serious journeys should carry on them the right to a numbered seat in a specified train, and not require re-stamping or some such foolery, obliging this same vexatious attendance at the wicket before departure.

I write this article not from mere captiousness or because I am still con-

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finied to the house from the last chill caught on the South Eastern and Brighton Railways (a right and left barrel, so to speak, on the same day), but because anything which can be done to promote and facilitate travel is the most effective working in the cause of international peace and goodwill.

H. H. Johnston.

## SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS OF "PICKWICK."

While the public is being reminded by the issue of the Dickens Centenary stamps of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the great novelist next year, there is also interest attaching to the fact that the close of March marked the seventy-fifth year of publication of the *Pickwick Papers*, probably the greatest, and certainly the most popular of all his works. *Pickwick* has an engaging history. On March 26, 1836, the following advertisement appeared in the *Times*:—

**THE PICKWICK PAPERS**—On the 31st March will be published, to be continued monthly, price One Shilling, the first number of the *Posthumous Papers* of the Pickwick Club, containing a faithful record of its Perambulations, Perils, Travels, Adventures, and Sporting Transactions of the Corresponding Members. Edited by Boz. Each Monthly Part embellished with four Illustrations by Seymour. Chapman and Hall, 186 Strand; and of all Booksellers.

Three years previously the first of the *Sketches by Boz* had been published in the *Monthly Magazine*, and, with subsequent contributions from the pen of Charles Dickens, had attracted some attention. At that time, Dickens, a young man of twenty-one, was earning a fair income by newspaper work, sketches and stories; and he was only two or three and twenty when Messrs.

Chapman and Hall approached him with the proposal that he should write the history of a quaint set of sporting characters, to which illustrations would be furnished by Seymour, the work to be issued in monthly parts. The publication, it seems, was really to be a vehicle for displaying the art of Seymour, who had become famous by his delineation of Cockney sporting characters. Dickens was instructed to record the adventures of members of a "Nimrod Club," and thus provide the letterpress which Seymour needed. But the young author was not keen to fall in with this idea; his contention being that the plates of Seymour should be subservient to the text. It says much for his force of character and for the confidence which the publishers had in his ability that he finally overrode all opposition and was allowed to have his own way in the matter. Seymour accordingly made his drawings from the description of the Club and its founder, Mr. Pickwick, as set forth by Dickens, while Mr. Winkle was introduced, as the novelist informs us, for the use of Seymour. Each number was issued in a green wrapper bearing an appropriate design by the artist, representing fishing, shooting, and other sporting scenes, and contained twenty-four pages of text and four illustrations. But a melancholy

event occurred before the issue of the second number—the death of Seymour—and it was necessary to send the *Pickwick Papers* to press with only three plates. A new artist had now to be found, while the publishers were obliged to rearrange the whole work. R. W. Buss was selected to succeed Seymour, the letterpress was increased to thirty-two pages, and the plates reduced to two in each monthly part.

Buss failed completely as an etcher; indeed, so incompetent did he prove that the two plates produced by him had to be cancelled when only a few copies of the work had been circulated. Ultimately Hablôt K. Browne stepped into the breach, and the genius of "Phiz" set the seal of success upon the *Pickwick Papers*. It is not too much to say that this gifted artist is in a large measure responsible for the popularity which the work has since attained.

With the death of Seymour the sporting element in *Pickwick*, which had yielded some of its most amusing situations, was dropped. The publication from a financial point of view had not been a success, the sales only averaging fifty copies of each number. In the fourth number appeared the famous illustration of Sam. Weller, in which that worthy is depicted by "Phiz" in the act of cleaning boots. Mr. Weller Junior immediately caught the public eye: the *Pickwickians* began to be talked about, and the sales of the monthly parts went up by leaps and bounds. "Phiz" had caught the spirit of Dickens: *Pickwick* was a huge success, the circulation at the completion of the work being from forty to fifty thousand copies. Needless to say, Messrs. Chapman and Hall were highly delighted with the sudden turn in the fortunes of their publication—so much so, in fact, that they sent Dickens a cheque for £500 when the twelfth number was reached. The

author, as the work progressed, received other cheques from the publishers, amounting in all to £3,000, in addition to the fifteen guineas per number which it was agreed should be paid to him. It is said that the sale of the *Pickwick Papers* returned a clear profit of £20,000 after the author's fees had been paid.

The association of "Phiz" with "Boz" proved to be the beginning of a highly successful collaboration, for having both attained fame through the production of *Pickwick*, they continued to work together, with such results as the world in general and book lovers in particular have learned to appreciate. The humor and art of Hablôt K. Browne will always be identified with the first editions of Dickens's novels.

It is interesting to note, by the way, that Browne's appointment as illustrator to the *Pickwick Papers* prevented Thackeray, who had also made an application for the post, from completely abandoning his literary talents for those of the pencil, for it is possible that had Thackeray been appointed to the position, *Vanity Fair*, *Esmond*, and *The Newcomes* would never have been written. The Fates, however, ruled otherwise, and ten years later Thackeray was challenging Dickens for popularity, the *Edinburgh Review* having lauded *Vanity Fair* to such heights that its author was brought immediately to the front rank of fiction writers. Henceforward the art of Thackeray was destined to rival that of Dickens. But Thackeray never forgot the great genius of the author of *Pickwick*, and, as his correspondence shows, he was never tired of dilating on the charm of Dickens to others.

That so youthful an author as Dickens should be subjected to adverse criticism on the part of the reviews, while his popularity was reflected in fashionable plagiarism by inferior writers, was only to be expected. On both

sides of the Atlantic critics fumed and sneered at the new work. At the same time there came into being a large number of productions dealing with the further adventures of Mr. Pickwick. Reputable authors caught the fever and wrote stories round Dickens' hero—an audacity which was naturally resented by the novelist.

The popularity of *Pickwick* is not confined to the Anglo-Saxon race; it has been translated into every Continental tongue. Three years after the issue of the first edition, it was printed in Van Diemen's Land and sold with lithographed copies of the original illustrations at a small price. In England *Pickwick* has been issued in paper covers at a penny. What a first edition, complete in twenty parts, would now fetch it is impossible to say. The

*The Outlook.*

plates—including the two which were executed by Buss ("The Cricket Match" and "The Fat Boy Awakes") and which were afterwards suppressed—are in themselves of considerable value.

As for the original Mr. Pickwick, he is supposed to have been a coach-master at Bath. It is recorded that Dickens saw the name of Moses Pickwick, Bath, Coachmaster, painted on the door of a stage coach and that he immediately appropriated it for that of his hero, substituting Samuel for Moses. Old Mr. Weller and his son certainly existed in the flesh, an interesting worthy of the name of Thomas Weller having once kept The Granby Head in Chatham. In the novel The Granby Head became The Marquis of Granby.

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## THE INSPECTOR OF GOZ DAOUD.

### I.

The night before I started on my annual tour of inspection up the Blue Nile I dined with Fortman, the Civil Secretary, kindest and best of men. After dinner he said—

"By the way, will you be stopping at Goz Daoud?"

"Yes," I said, "I think so. The boat takes in wood there, and I believe we stop for a night."

"I wish you would look up Aveling," said Fortman. "You know him, don't you?"

"Oh yes," I said, "I know him. Melancholy beggar, isn't he?"

"Well, he always used to be," said Fortman; "but Billy Graham, who saw him not long ago, says that he's now quite a cheerful bird. He's a jolly good man at his job, anyway. We got a note from him on the taxation of rain-lands two or three months ago which was really excellent: the Sir-

dar thought it was quite a good scheme, and I believe it's going to be adopted. So I wrote to Aveling and congratulated him, and said I was glad he was taking such an interest in his job, and hoped he was getting to like the life here, and all that sort of thing. Because, you know, he always used to be so fearfully depressed: he did his work all right, but he never seemed to get any fun out of it, or out of anything else: and in this country a man doesn't do much good unless he's a bit enthusiastic. Well, the reason I want you to look him up is this. He wrote me a very nice letter, but a most awfully queer one. He said that he knew he had always been a bit of a wet blanket, but that the most amazing thing had happened to him which had made him the happiest man alive. He said he couldn't tell me the story then, but he hoped some day he might be able to explain it. I suppose it's

all right, but it's a bit odd, isn't it? He used to be profoundly depressed, and now he's extremely cheerful; and the change, whatever caused it, has made him one of the keenest and best men we've got. But I must say that I should like to know a little more about it."

"Why bother?" I said. "It's all to the good, isn't it?"

"Oh, it's not idle curiosity," said Fortman. "But I rather distrust these sudden changes, especially in this country. The climate and the life have such a queer effect on some people; and one has to keep an eye on fellows who are all by themselves, like Aveling. Of course, I don't want you to report, or anything of that kind: but you might just look him up, and tell me if you think he would be the better for a spell of civilization. He's doing so well where he is that we don't want to move him. All the same, if you think he wants a change, we could easily manage it."

So I promised to look him up, and next day I started off on my tour. To tell the honest truth, I didn't think much of Fortman's story. Aveling might quite well have had news that he was out of some mess about which he had been worrying; and anyhow, it didn't seem to be any one's business except his own. Besides, I didn't take much interest in the man: he was such a gloomy beggar, as I knew him.

## II.

It was a week later, and one of the hottest afternoons I ever remember. The little stern-wheel steamer, kicking her way up against the Blue Nile in flood, seemed to be baked through and through by the sun, like a cake in an oven. It was too hot to read, too hot to shoot crocodiles, too hot even to smoke. One could only lie and pant, and wait for the setting of the sun.

Even Abdou, my fat Berberine serv-

ant, seemed to feel the heat. He was late with my afternoon tea, and he appeared to have something on his mind: for he stood about, when he had put down the tea-things, looking distinctly uneasy. At last he said—

"After an hour and a half we get to Goz Daoud."

"Yes," I said sleepily.

"Does your Excellency land there for dinner with the Inspector," he asked, "or will the Inspector dine with us on board?"

"I expect I shall dine with him," I said, "and very likely I shall sleep there to-night. The boat won't go on till to-morrow morning."

Abdou seemed more embarrassed than ever. "Better your Excellency stop on board," he said; and when I asked him why, he replied, "Who knows if the tale is true? Yet a tale is told which I do not understand. It is said that his Honor the Inspector, Aveling Bey, has always with him a Djinn, who tells him of things unknown to mortals."

"Nonsense," I said; and Abdou said—

"As your Excellency pleases. This is the story. Who knows if it is true?" and he waddled off.

After he had gone, I remembered my conversation with Fortman, and Aveling's letter about the "amazing thing" which had happened to him. Had this anything to do with Abdou's yarn? Of course, one thinks nothing of stories of Djinn or "Afreet" in the Sudan: according to the natives, they are everywhere. One, I remember, used to haunt the road leading down to the river past the Adjutant-General's house in Khartoum. The boldest donkey-bry would never think of going that way after dark. But I had never heard before of an Afreet or Djinn befriending an Englishman. I puzzled over it for a bit, and then gave it up. It was too hot to worry over anything.

The sun was setting as we came into the Goz Daoud reach. The Blue Nile widens out there for two or three miles, and the scene was one of those which so print themselves on the brain that it is impossible ever to forget them. The westward sky was full of that lavish and fantastic splendor which seems peculiar to the Sudan: the wide river was as red as blood with the reflection. A great herd of breeding camels had come down to drink, and showed dimly on the western bank: behind them a row of palm-trees stood out black against the blaze of the sunset: and above the palms hundreds of cranes flew in long lines across and across, like some strange pattern worked in black on a background which changed each moment through every shade of orange, scarlet, and purple. Slim Arab girls, in their dull blue robes, stood along the bank, balancing their water-jars on their heads, and greeting the steamer with their high, quavering cry. We see such gorgeous pictures sometimes in the Sudan, and forget for a moment the green hills and the soft gray light of England, which at other times are never very far from our minds.

As the steamer drew up to the Goz Daoud landing-place, I saw Aveling waiting for us; and he came on board the moment we tied up. Never in all my life have I seen a man so completely changed as he was in the six months since I had last met him. The hard lines had all gone out of his face, and he looked at least ten years younger: but the startling thing was that his settled melancholy seemed not only to have disappeared, but to have been replaced by a happiness too complete and absolute to be described as placid. He simply radiated happiness. The Sudanese soldiers on the lower deck became one vast grin the moment they saw him. His manner, too, was completely changed. Formerly he had

seemed to make an effort to take his part in conversation, or even in the most ordinary interchange of civilities; but now he was the perfect host, genuinely glad to see his guest, and conveying his pleasure naturally in every tone of his voice.

As we turned to walk up to his house, I noticed at once that all was well with Goz Daoud from an administrative point of view. They say that the experienced general can form a very good opinion of the military value of troops merely by seeing them march past on the parade-ground. We who are engaged in the business of government soon get to know at a glance whether the machine is working smoothly or not in any station we visit. When Aveling gave the usual evening greeting, "May your night be happy, oh Sheikh," the answer, "And may yours be happy and blessed, oh Master," came with a readiness and enthusiasm which left no doubt of his popularity. The Sudanese Arab is always polite, but he is not always very hearty in his greetings. The sheikhs and notables of Goz Daoud evidently thought Aveling a gentleman and a good fellow, and were glad to let you know it.

Something had happened to Aveling, and it had improved him out of all knowledge. So much, at least, was evident. But I could form no sort of conjecture as to what it was. However, after all, it was no affair of mine: I had no right to cross-examine him about rumors, and no sort of wish to do anything of the kind. All seemed to be well, and I dismissed from my mind Fortman's anxiety and Abdou's foolish tale of the Djinn.

He gave me a surprisingly good dinner, and the more we talked the more I liked him. Towards the end of dinner, something he said reminded me of the latest Cairo story which had drifted down to Khartoum. It was a typical Cairo story, rather amusing.

rather improper, very malicious, and probably not in the least true. I began to tell it to him, but when I was halfway through he leaned over and touched my arm. "Would you mind," he said, "not finishing that story." I suppose I looked surprised, for he laughed, and went on. "Oh, I'm not so squeamish as all that, you know: I daresay I should be a good deal amused, if we were alone. But, you see, we aren't," and he laughed again.

"What do you mean?" I said, "there is nobody here but ourselves."

"Yes, there is," he said. "My little Doll is here, though you don't see her. She came down with me to the boat to meet you; but I could see she wasn't visible to you."

Frankly, I thought the man had gone clean off his head; and I suppose he read my thoughts, for he said, "Really, you know, I'm not in the least mad. Doll's here all right, though you can't see her. I sometimes wonder whether any of the natives can: I've a sort of idea they think there's something unusual, but they don't say anything. I see I must tell you the whole story. I meant to, really, all the time: in fact, I made up my mind that I would, as soon as I heard you were coming, for a reason you will soon understand. But it's a long yarn; let's get into more comfortable chairs while I tell it. The drinks are by you."

### III.

"Did you ever hear of some people called Marinier—Colonel Marinier, of the Indian Army, and his wife?" asked Aveling.

"I remember the name," I said. "Wasn't there some tragedy?"

"I'm coming to that," said Aveling, "but, in order to explain a rather unusual story, I must begin with myself. My father and mother both died when I was quite a little kid: I don't even

remember either of them. I was brought up by a guardian, who was kind enough, but really, you know, didn't care much about me. Nobody did, much, that I can remember: I rather liked one of the grooms myself, but he thought I was a little nuisance. Then at school I got on all right with everybody, but I never had any particular pal. There were several fellows who were pretty friendly—asked me to stop with them in the holidays, if two or three fellows they liked better couldn't come, and all that sort of thing—but no one who was really an intimate pal. I should have liked one, but somehow they didn't seem to come my way.

"It was pretty much the same at Sandhurst; and then, just after I was gazetted, I got a letter from Colonel Marinier, saying he was an old friend of my father, and had just left the Indian Army and settled down in Hampshire, and asking me to go down and stop with him whenever I could get away. I went down, and somehow from the very first I found myself liking them much more than any one else I ever met. Marinier himself was a very good sort, and his wife was simply and entirely delightful. She was the best-looking woman I ever saw, I think, and, quite apart from that, she was the sort of person every one liked, because no one could possibly help it. They had one little daughter, and she was Doll, who is here now, though you can't see her. She was about nine then, and we took to each other from the start,—didn't we, old lady? I remember she announced the first evening I was there, first, that she liked me, and secondly, that she was going to call me Dick, which isn't my name; and Dick I was to all of them from that time on. I was there a week that first time, and before I went I was much fonder of that kid than of all the rest of the world put



together—which sounds absurd, but it's true. And when I was going away she came and hugged me, and said, 'I wish you were stopping here for a month. I wish you weren't going away at all, ever.'

"I can't tell you how much those people were to me, and Doll in particular. I used to spend pretty well all my leave with them, and Doll and I were always knocking about the country together, when she could get away from her governess. Wasn't it Charles Lamb who said, 'What a lass to go gypsying over the world with'? That just describes Doll: she was the best companion you can imagine. As good as gold, too, and such a wise little beggar.

"One day, when she had been very silent for a good time, and seemed to have been doing some serious thinking, she said, 'When I'm a grown-up person, do you think, Dick, that perhaps you'll like to ask me to marry you?' I told her I didn't think anything about it, and that of course I was going to marry her when she grew up, whether she liked it or not. She said, 'I think I'd rather you asked me, Dick, though of course I should say yes.' Mrs. Marinier laughed at us, and said Doll was too young to think about such things. So we didn't talk about it any more; but I was quite determined in my own mind to marry her just as soon as she was old enough.

"Then came the South African War, and we were ordered out. I got a couple of days' leave, and went down to the Mariniers to say good-bye. The last afternoon Marinier and I went out to shoot some rabbits: I hadn't a gun with me, and he lent me an old one of his. We were coming back, and I had taken out my cartridges and given the gun to the keeper, when he called out, 'Stoat, sir, there in the spinney,' and gave me back the gun. I couldn't see anything, so after a mo-

ment we went on. Marinier was talking about outposts, and I was very much interested, and wasn't thinking about the gun, which I didn't give back to the keeper. At the corner of the wood we met Doll: I hate going on with this story; it almost makes me sick to think about it, even now. I said, 'Hullo, there's another rabbit!' and pointed the gun at her, and it went off and killed her stone-dead on the spot. Stone-dead, that's one comfort: she can never have known what hit her: she was not three yards off, and was shot right through the heart. There's no possible defence or excuse for ever pointing a gun at anybody; and I knew that as well as any one else. Of course the keeper had slipped in a cartridge when he saw the stoat. If I had thought, I should have known that he wouldn't have given me an empty gun. But I suppose something in my brain stopped working: one can't account for these mad follies.

"I don't remember much what happened next. I wanted to shoot myself, and the keeper, very properly, wanted to shoot me; but Marinier stopped us both. He picked up poor little Doll, and started to carry her home. I asked him if I might carry her, but he said, 'No.' Then, when we were half way home, he said, 'I must go on and tell Mary. Take her, Dick,' and gave her to me to carry. That was the kindest thing any one ever did. I think.

"Then, when we were near the house, Mrs. Marinier came running out, very white and fierce. She said nothing, but took Doll in her arms and carried her indoors; and I wandered into the garden and wished I could wake up from this horrible nightmare. I sat down on the step of the school-room door, and wondered in a dull sort of way what would be the best way of killing myself. I hadn't the least idea or intention of going on living. Pres-

ently Mrs. Marinier came out of the house and Marinier after her: he said something to her which I didn't hear. She came towards me, and then turned and walked two or three times up and down the lawn, trying to control herself. Then she came to me and began, very coldly, 'My poor boy——,' and then she stopped and sat down by me on the step and cried and cried. 'You poor Dick,' she said, 'you poor old Dick, it's most dreadful and horrible for all of us, but it's much worse for you.' She took my hand and held it, and we both sat there crying like a couple of babies. At last I said, 'I can't go on living, you know; I really can't: I must go out.'

"Marinier had come up, and was standing close to us. He said, 'You're a soldier, and war is declared. You've got no right to go out.'

"Mrs. Marinier kept tight hold of my hand, but she didn't speak for some time. At last she said, 'Dick, my dear old boy, I'm sorry for you, but you must go on living till your time comes. What would Doll think of us if we let you kill yourself? You must promise me not to, Dick, for Doll's sake: you will, won't you, Dick?'

"So I had to promise; and I went to say good-bye to Doll, my little Doll that I had killed; and I told a coroner's jury of my damned folly, and I rejoined my regiment, the unhappiest man, I suppose, that God ever made."

#### IV.

"I remember well that first day on the transport. Martin commanded the troops on board—Conky Martin, who afterwards did so well in the war. He was looking through a list of the officers on board when I came up, and when he got to my name he said, 'Aveling, Aveling,—isn't that the damned fool who shot Marinier's kid?'

"There was an awkward silence; and then I said, 'Yes, sir, I'm the damned

fool, only the expression isn't nearly strong enough.'

"He looked at me for a minute, and then he said, 'I entirely agree,' and went on with his list.

"All that voyage I kept looking at the sea with a sort of sick longing to jump overboard and have done with it; but I couldn't because of my promise. If only someone would have fallen overboard and given me an excuse, I could have gone in after him: but nobody would. My colonel talked to me like a father about my depression. 'Damned silly thing to do, of course,' he said, 'but, after all, a pure accident. We all do silly things sometimes. Why make a song about it? What?' But, of course, neither he nor any one else realized that Doll had been anything more to me than just a kid, like another. My old color-sergeant also did his best to console me. 'If I might take the liberty, sir,' he said one day, 'my advice to you would be, sir, do not be down-hearted. "What is the use of ree-pining?" as the song says. You take this regrettable incident too much to 'heart, sir, I do assure you.' But that's just what it was: to them it was a regrettable incident, while to me it was a tragedy which had wiped all the happiness clean out of my life.

"We had a long spell of dull work when we first landed, and I brooded over my disaster more and more. Then at last we suddenly found ourselves in the middle of some hard fighting in the north of Cape Colony. Martin turned up to command the force to which we were attached; and shortly after he came we had a sharp brush with brother Boer, who attacked us in force. The bullets were falling pretty thick, and I thought my chance had come: I jumped up from behind the entrenchments, and began observing the advance and waiting for a kind bullet. 'Lie down, that officer,' came Conky's angry voice from the rear: as

bad luck would have it, he had come for a look round. I hesitated, but I couldn't well disobey, and I wasn't touched. When the scrap was over, Conky Martin sent for me. 'Look here,' he said, 'young fellow my lad, you aren't paid and transported out here to spoil my casualty returns, so don't you think it. If you want to get killed, I'll give you a chance later on. But if I see you standing up again to be shot, by God I'll have you broke for cowardice in the face of the enemy.'

"I will say for him that he did give me some chances, though none of them came off. All I wanted was decent death and burial, so of course no one could hit me, though I used to go in bald-headed for every chance of a scrap. After one hot thing, later on in the war, my Colonel wanted me recommended for a V.C.; but Conky wouldn't hear of it, and quite right too. I found I could forget my troubles when the fighting was actually on, and really at moments I quite enjoyed life: but it was as bad as ever when I got back to camp. When Conky got a big command he took me on his staff, to my great surprise, and he worked me hard and gave me lots of exciting jobs. But I couldn't get hit, and I was never sick or sorry all those three years.

"I used to write constantly to Mrs. Marinier, and she to me. We talked quite freely in our letters about Doll; and nothing could have been kinder than the way she wrote. She told me that she had known that I was really, seriously devoted to Doll; and that Doll had been quite as devoted to me. She said that I wasn't to think her too miserable, because she had a consolation, about which she would tell me when I got home. Then her letters stopped suddenly; and a month later came a letter from Marinier to say she was dead. When I read that, I

thought it really was the last straw; but Marinier went on to give her last message to me. He wrote: 'An hour before she died she said that she had just seen Doll, who was very happy. She also said: "You must write and tell Dick that I have seen her, and that some day he will see her too; and tell him he must wait, and not be so miserable. Mind you tell him." She kept on insisting, and I promised to write.'

"That message consoled me a good deal, though I didn't then understand what it meant. I had got to stick it out somehow, and something would happen some day; but how I could hope to see Doll again was more than I could understand. When the war at last came to an end, I was one of the very few who regretted it, on personal grounds. My regiment was going home, and I didn't much look forward to life in an English station, as you may imagine. I asked Conky if he could get me a hard job. He said, 'I think I can get you into the Gippy Army, my old show. They're a very good crowd. When you get to the Sudan, ask to be transferred to the Civil Administration. They'll give you four men's work to do, and there are always plenty of chances of pegging out in the Sudan, if that's what you're after.' He went on, 'I can't quite understand your case, Aveling. There seems to be more in it than meets the eye. Any one would be pretty sick who had shot a kid by accident; but I should have thought you'd have got over it by now, after all this fighting and seeing facts as they are. You didn't shoot the kid on purpose, did you?'

"I suppose I looked rather savage, for he said, 'All right; don't shoot me, any way. I know you didn't; only I can't explain you. How old was she?'

"'About eleven,' I said.

"'Well,' he said, 'it beats me alto-

gether. Go to the Sudan and work yourself right again, if you can; but I doubt it. I think a good clean death is what you want. Pity, too; I could have done something with you. If you come out all right, just write to me any time, and I'll find something for you.'

"Well, he got me the job here, and went off to India himself. Good man, Conky: I liked Conky. You know him, don't you? Long, thin man, with a big beak and hollow cheeks, rather like a hungry wolf. A bit of a terror, but a good man."

## V.

"Well, you know what I've done here. The work always interested me a good deal, but I never could get really excited about it. I took no leave last year, except a month's shooting up the White Nile, where an old bull-elephant nearly got me, but not quite. What was the good of going home? Marinier was away, travelling somewhere, and I had no one I much wanted to see. But those long hot afternoons, when you can do nothing but wait for it to get cooler, got on my nerves a good deal, and I began seriously to consider whether I was really bound to go on with it. Mrs. Marinier was dead, peace be upon her: she knew much more about things now, and probably wouldn't keep me to my promise, knowing what a burden life was. Marinier's objection was gone, now that there was no war. Why shouldn't I put an end to the whole thing?

"There is a convenient eddy half a mile down the river from here, which takes you right under and only lets you up again a mile and a half down. We lost several black soldiers there when we first came up. I could easily engineer a little boating accident, which would do the trick.

"Well, about five months ago I had

got all my affairs pretty well settled up, and had made all my arrangements. I was to go out by myself in a small sailing-boat about five next morning to shoot duck, and I was going to do a heavy gybe and upset just above the eddy. I turned in early the night before, feeling quite light-hearted, like a schoolboy just going home for his holidays. I woke up at dawn, and there was Doll sitting on the foot of my bed, and positively grinning at me. I thought it was a dream at first; but there I was on the roof as usual, and it was light enough to see. I said, 'Have you come to say good-bye, my dear, my dear?' She said, 'Don't be an old duffer, Dick. You're not going to drown yourself.' She always used to say 'drown'd,' and insisted it was right, in the face of all argument. I *was* glad to see her again, by Jove: but I hardly dared move, I was so afraid she'd disappear. But she said, 'It's all right, Dick. I've come to stay and keep you company till you come over to us. It won't be very long now, Dick.'

"Well, well, I can't tell you much more, you know. Ever since Doll has been here I've been perfectly happy. We don't talk much to each other nowadays, because we can understand each other quite well without words. I wanted her to tell me about her world, and now, I think, I do understand it pretty well; but I could never explain it to you, because there are no words that apply. Doll and her mother are together, and yesterday she told me her father had 'come over' too; so I suppose he's dead. They are all perfectly happy—that I'm sure of. Doll always laughs about having been shot by me, as if it had been a rather amusing incident. That is their view of most of our tragedies, so far as I can make out. They talk about them much as we talk about the little disasters we had when we were

kids. The other world is all quite simple, really—much simpler and more natural and much better than we imagine; only there aren't any words to describe it.

"I fancy my time must be pretty well up, and I'm quite ready to go. Doll says it will be very soon. I wanted to tell some one all about it, because there may very likely be lots of other miserable beggars, as I used to be, who are worrying themselves about nothing. I don't say you don't have to pay for wrong-doing; but it's what you are that matters most in the end, not what you have done. Perhaps my story may be some use to some of them.

"Pretty late, by Jove: we'd better turn in. You'll sleep here, won't you? I've told them to make you up a bed on the roof."

## VI.

A fortnight later I stopped again at Goz Daoud on my way down. To my surprise I saw Billy Graham, who belonged to another district, waiting on the landing-stage.

"Hullo," I said, "what are you doing here?"

"Taking charge," said Billy, "till some one is sent to take Aveling's place."

"What has happened to Aveling?" I asked, though I knew already.

"Dead," he said. "Black-water fever. The day before yesterday."

I went on shore with him and saw Aveling's grave. Billy said, "I only just turned up in time to see the last of him. He was quite cheerful, as if he'd been just off on leave, after a long spell. The people here were most awfully cut up: I never saw a crowd so cut up as they were. One old sheikh

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made a long speech, in which he said that it was perfectly well known that Aveling had been under the special protection of Allah; and he talked as if there had been some kind of miracle. They all seemed to agree: but when I talked to the old sheikh afterwards he said that nothing was certainly known, and that it was better not to pry into mysteries.

We went back to the boat for dinner, and afterwards Billy said—

"Before he died Aveling said that you knew all about him. Can you tell me, or would you rather not?"

I hesitated a good deal. Three years before, when Billy first came out from Oxford, I shouldn't have dreamed of telling him such a story. He would have dismissed it with a confident disquisition, in which the words "subjective" and "objective" would have occurred several times; and that is the sort of thing it is difficult to stand when you get to a certain age and know your ignorance. But three years in the Sudan make a lot of difference. I told him the whole story.

When I had finished, we smoked for some time in silence. Then I said, "Do you believe it, Billy?"

"Who knows," said Billy. "Yes, I do believe it, I think. A few years ago I believed nothing, and thought I knew everything worth knowing. Now I know next to nothing, and believe a whole lot. Yes, I believe it. At least, I hope it's true."

After that he went ashore; and we cast off from the landing-stage, and went down river with the flood. All the wide reach was a sheet of silver in the brilliant splendor of the moonlight. I repeated to myself Billy Graham's words—"At least, I hope it's true."

*E. C. Winton.*

## THE PROSPECTS OF CHORAL MUSIC.

For the first time in the history of modern music the natural development of the art is now being quite obviously deflected by the pressure of outside economic influences. During the last three centuries music has largely developed from within, and the line of internal development has been coincident with the direction in which society itself has progressed. The new life infused into instrumental music, for example, at the beginning of the seventeenth century was not only the result of the internal working of artistic principles, but also the outcome, first of all, of the ingenuity of makers of instruments of the violin family, and, secondly, of a condition of society which made it possible for very large numbers of people to devote time and money to the study of instrumental technique. Fashion has from time to time influenced, or rather assisted, musical development, but never has any force it has exercised been in unquestionable and direct antagonism to the inner principles which have impelled music to one period of fruition after another. By a series of coincidences social life for three centuries has provided a fertile field for musical growths; the art has developed to its present stature with its roots deep in the structure of society; and society and music for many decades have been so constantly inseparable as to appear interdependent parts of the same organism.

But this peaceful alliance is at a point of rupture. Art has become self-conscious, and music has begun to criticize society. All art is barren that does not enjoy a wide circulation; music that is never heard were best left unwritten. And the economic conditions to-day are such that a vast quantity of fine music composed during the

last three or four decades has never been either performed or published. It is impossible to conceive that any really fine or noble poetry of recent years is still in manuscript, that scores of wonderful paintings are refused a hanging at all the public galleries, that original and vivid dramas languish unrecognized and scorned by managers, or that a new Fielding or Thackeray is starving in Fleet Street. These things do not happen. But in the musical world manuscripts are passed from hand to hand and studied and admired; they are recognized by capable judges as being works often of enormous talent, and sometimes of genius; but no publisher can afford to publish them, and no society of music has the means to give them a performance. No artist is in so bad a case as the musician. The poet can (and does) invite the verdict of his generation by himself providing the money for the publication of a volume of his muse, and often enough a very slender talent is sufficient to generate a notoriety that is regarded by the poet as more than sufficient recompense for the trouble and expense involved; and the painter can with ease exhibit his works at little expense. But the composer of orchestral music has no such open door to the public, for the expense either of publication or performance is so large as to be absolutely prohibitive save in exceptional cases. Unless fate is unusually kind, or his own personality uncommonly persuasive, he will be the sole begetter and almost the sole admirer of his own work, and the music that a hundred years ago would have brought him European fame is now praised only by a handful of his friends.

Three centuries ago the orchestra as we know it to-day had no existence.



and neither artistic propriety nor custom had yet decided which of the various musical instruments were to be considered orchestral and which were to be used simply for chamber music. In the year 1600 an oratorio by Emilio del Cavalleri was given at Rome with an orchestra of five instruments; eight years later Monteverde's "Orfeo" was played at Mantua, the orchestral players consisting of thirty-six musicians: five players or thirty-six, it was merely a matter of taste. And for a hundred years the constitution of the orchestra was uncertain, and in all probability was governed by nothing save immediate convenience. If instruments provided for in the score were lacking in performance the organist would fill in the parts that were missing. But when, in the course of time, purely orchestral writing became popular for its own sake, the orchestra itself became standardized and its constitution fixed. The orchestra required for the performance of Beethoven's symphonies became the model for all composers, and it persisted in favor for nearly half a century, in spite of the efforts of Berlioz, Liszt and Wagner to increase its size and extend its scope. Indeed, it was not until these three composers had imposed their work upon the public by the sheer weight of their genius that the Beethoven orchestra came to be altered, and it was then seen that the convention which had stood in the way of orchestral progress had no artistic warrant, but was merely the result of a rigid artistic conservatism having its origin in intellectual inertia. Beethoven's symphonies, it was felt, were sufficiently difficult of comprehension without enlarging the orchestra by the addition of newly-invented instruments, to the everlasting confusion of the listener. That mere size was not objected to may be gathered from the fact that as early as 1784 in England—the least musically pro-

gressive of all European countries—Handel's "The Messiah" was given in Westminster Abbey with an orchestra of no less than 252 musicians. The feeling that hindered the broadening of the scope of the orchestra was merely founded on prejudice and on the authority of Beethoven's name; it was forgotten that Beethoven himself had disregarded all authority and that much of his music had had to contend with charges of extravagance and incoherence, just as Haydn's music had done in previous years, and as Richard Strauss's work is doing to-day.

The acceptance by the public of the work of Berlioz, Liszt and Wagner involved the acceptance of their orchestras also, and very quickly musicians of less note imitated them by the introduction of new instruments. There is so much general misunderstanding of the aims and intentions of these composers in extending the scope of the orchestra that it may here be explained that mere size did not intrigue Wagner in the least, though Berlioz' imagination was undoubtedly obsessed by everything that was of vast proportions. But even in Berlioz' case the motive prompting him in the increase of his orchestra was the desire to secure more variety of tone-color; largely an experimentalist, as indeed every artist must be who works with new and untried material, he sought for astoundingly beautiful effects by new combinations of instruments, detecting subtleties of sweet sound where others could discern only banality and ugliness. The search in his own case, and in that of Wagner, was amply justified and the year 1850 marks well the period when the Beethoven orchestra was undergoing disintegration, to be replaced by an orchestra that is still fluid and shifting in its component parts. Since 1850 the term "orchestra" has had no definite connotation: it has implied the small handful of men em-

ployed by Mozart, the compact, well-balanced and larger band of Beethoven, the heavy, impressive and often overwhelming organism constructed by the romantics of the middle of the nineteenth century, and, finally, any particular orchestra now used by Richard Strauss, Frederick Delius or Joseph Holbrooke, with or without sarrusophones, heckelphones, or concertinas.

The objection often raised against the modern additions to the orchestra that they will, by mere confusion of varied sounds, make themselves inaudible to the human ear and thus obscure any meaning they may contain, has been proved to have no foundation in fact; nature has kept pace with art, and the capacity of the human ear for separating combined sounds, and for combining sounds that are themselves separate, appears to be infinite. Aural delicacy, so far from being destroyed by the demands made upon it, is naturally increased by those demands. But a more serious objection might legitimately have been brought forward fifty years ago, though in all probability it would have been quite ineffective. I refer to the crude but powerful factor of cost. The bigger the orchestra and the more varied the instruments it contains, the greater is the cost of upkeep. Though modern orchestras are not unwieldy in a musical sense, they are becoming, and many of them have already become, economic impossibilities. The orchestral concerts given in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham and London—to speak only of Great Britain—rarely pay their working expenses, the deficit more often than not being supplied by public-spirited guarantors who recognize the social utility of symphonic, and indeed of all orchestral, music. Some of the concerts—like the Hallé concerts in Manchester—do continue just to cover their expenses, but this evasion of ac-

tual loss is consummated only by a rigid economy in the engagement of artists and in the performance of new works that call for extended rehearsal.

It is this question of rehearsal that is at the root of the whole matter. Music that is familiar—that is to say, all the "classical" works that are constantly being played in public—costs little to rehearse; sometimes, indeed, it is not rehearsed at all; the idiom is familiar, even if the actual notes are not; no fee is charged by the composer for the right of performance, and the size of the orchestra is kept within safe bounds. If music composed before the year 1850 were as attractive to the public as the music that has been composed during the last sixty years, concert managers and orchestral conductors would not be faced by the difficulty that now threatens to reduce them to poverty; for the receipts would cover all the costs incurred by advertising, the engagement of the hall, the musicians' fees, etc., and leave a substantial margin of profit. This supposititious profit is now almost entirely swallowed up by the swollen orchestra favored by modern composers and by the increased cost of extra rehearsal. For modern music is not only avid of mere size, but it also searches for complicated rhythms, rich and involved harmony, and enormously difficult passage work that cannot be understood save by arduous and prolonged study. Each hour that ninety or a hundred men are rehearsed increases appreciably the cost of performance; and when one adds to this cost the time spent by the conductor in learning a new score before bringing it to rehearsal—time that, in the end, has to be paid for—and the composer's fee (anything from £10 to £50) that is charged for the privilege of a single performance, it will be seen that the artistic claims and the popularity of modern music must indeed be very great, or else the temptation to

ignore it altogether would before now have proved irresistible.

Not only in England, but in Germany, France and America, orchestral concerts are now either run at a loss or with a small margin of profit that year by year approaches more nearly to vanishing point, and already a reaction has set in among composers against the swollen orchestras now so popular with the public. Writers like Claude Debussy, Jan Sibelius and Sir Edward Elgar have quite recently scored new compositions for comparatively small orchestras with a large amount of artistic and commercial success; for nothing of their particular idiom or individuality has been sacrificed by limiting their means of expression to a smaller number of instruments than they have been accustomed to, and the reduced cost of performance consequent upon employing few musicians has made it possible for the works in question to be heard in places where the ordinary modern composition is necessarily excluded. But this reaction is sporadic, individual and unorganized, and until it receives the active support of conductors and concert managers it is not likely to be of much benefit to those who do not already possess the authority and the power that reputation brings to force a small orchestra on a public that craves for a large one. Besides, the form of reaction I have referred to is a compromise, and it is clear enough to all outside observers that the matter of large orchestras has gone too far to admit of any compromise whatsoever. The attitude of revolt is the only one likely to be of service to the composer, and here and there, both in England and on the Continent, there are not wanting signs that a revolt has already set in, and that the artistic products of this revolt will constitute the music of the future.

If orchestral be the most expensive kind of music that is heard in the con-

cert-room, the cheapest is choral. Indeed, choral singing of the most wonderful description may be had at very little expenditure. Up and down the country, in London, in North and South Wales, in Lancashire, in Yorkshire and in Worcestershire are as fine bodies of singers as are to be heard in the world; they can sing equally well the music of the madrigal writers of the earlier part of the seventeenth century and the work of ultra-moderns like Debussy, Granville Bantock and Richard Strauss. By far the great majority of the members of these choirs have received no profound or prolonged musical training; what they know of music and of singing has been picked up in a haphazard kind of way, and they have been attracted to choral singing in a large measure by the obvious social advantages to be reaped from an extensive acquaintance with members of their own class. But as soon as they join a choral society—and membership is readily secured provided the raw material of good singing is sufficiently evident—they begin to undergo systematic and expert training in greatly contrasted styles of music. A few months of such training is sufficient to produce excellent results, for the class from which these people are drawn (shopkeepers and clerks, for the most part) is noted for its readiness of mind and its practical use of temperamental gifts. Their services in every case are given without money payment; the musical benefit they reap from regular training and from singing constantly with others is regarded as ample reward. For this reason the cost of upkeep of a choir of two or three hundred voices is not a tithe of the cost of an orchestra one-third the size. Instead of a choral society paying its members it is the members who pay the society, both in work and in a small nominal subscription; the expenses they incur in the purchase of

music, in the engagement of a hall in which to practice, and in paying their conductor a small salary are so inconsiderable as to be easily met by the subscriptions which they themselves contribute

Thus we see that, in writing for large choirs of singers, the composer is not hampered by any question of cost; there are other restrictions, it is true, but not one of them is of a direct economic description. Indirectly the question of money does enter even into choral music, and in a manner that is restrictive; but the early removal of this restriction is quite practicable, and already it is disappearing with encouraging rapidity. I refer to the comparative indifference of the public towards choral music and choral singing. If this indifference were the result of too much familiarity, or if it were caused by some irremediable defect in the nature of choral music itself, it would be vain to hope for its removal; but it has come into existence as a natural consequence of the dominance of three personalities whose influence has been to prevent any legitimate progress of choral music in England for nearly two centuries. These personalities are Handel, Mendelssohn and Wagner. "The Messiah" of Handel has been the staple mental and artistic food of all respectable choral societies ever since it was first produced in 1742. Great and noble work as this oratorio may be, it has so imposed itself upon the affections of British people that it has prevented the introduction into our concert-rooms of more modern work of the same kind, and has been the chief cause of that mental inertia so characteristic of a great portion of those who hold official positions in our British musical life. It has barred the way of progress for generation after generation. And what "The Messiah" has done in its big, powerful and massive way, Mendelssohn's "Elijah" has accomplished in

its effeminate, artistic and dangerously sweet manner. The original production of "Elijah" was at Birmingham in 1846, under the composer's direction; the magnetic personality of the composer, the favor in which he was held by Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, and the suave, easy genius of the work itself, all conspired to give it an enormous success, and at last "The Messiah" had to contend for public favor with a composition which was immeasurably its inferior in artistic worth. Enthroned for six decades in the programmes of all the great provincial festivals, awarded place of honor in all the series of concerts given by the vast vocal societies up and down the country, "Elijah" ruled over the musical world of Great Britain; it was the standard by which the quality of all other music was judged; its style was the pattern for all our native composers to work by; and critical opinion, drugged into sleep by the subtle religiosity exhalant from the oratorio, had no single adverse remark to make. Now that the work has ceased to hypnotize the modern mind into worship we see for the first time that its influence has been entirely retrograde; in power it is inferior to "The Messiah," and its square-toed harmony, its conventionality of expression, and its conformity with all the vicious practices of the oratorio style have done more to retard legitimate musical progress in this country than any other discoverable combination of causes. Wagner, the last figure in this ill-assorted triumvirate, was effective in damming up the stream of progress in choral music by refusing to write for the chorus at all. His later music-dramas, faithful in their adherence to his dramatic ideals, exclude the chorus entirely, and the kind of chorus we get in "Der Fliegende Holländer," "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" does not show the slightest advance on the work done by contempo-

raries of much inferior talent. Wagner's musical genius was undoubtedly orchestral in its character, and, though he made some rather startling discoveries by his treatment of the voice as a solo instrument, these discoveries were largely the accidental result of a rigid adherence to æsthetic convictions, which forced the voice to assume the melodic contour and dramatic color of the orchestral content. He made no attempt that is not negligible to compose music for a mass of voices, and the whole trend of his work was to obscure the æsthetic value of the human voice when heard in combination with other voices.

Choral music, then, has not during the last century—to go no further back than that—made progress proportionate to that achieved by orchestral music; and now that the orchestra has already reached the climax of its power and has become practically a social and economic impossibility, the creative energy of many European composers is being directed into channels where it may most quickly reach large masses of the people—that is to say, it is exploring the possibilities of the human voice and creating music which, intended as it is for mixed voice choirs, is largely experimental in its attempt to arrive at hitherto undreamt-of effects in tone color, dramatic description and lyrical expressiveness. This sudden growth of interest in choral music on the part of composers of genius is due in a large measure to the inception of the competitive festival movement, instituted as the result of the enthusiasm of Mary Wakefield in 1885. It is a matter of history that at least two isolated festivals, modelled on the Welsh *Eisteddfod*, were arranged in England before Mary Wakefield started the Westmoreland Festival in 1885; but it is clear from a close study of the choral festival movement of the last three decades that it is entirely owing

to the particular form of competitive festival instituted by her that the movement spread so rapidly and has already had such a powerful effect upon the development of music not only in this country, but also abroad. Mary Wakefield, no doubt, obtained her root-idea from Wales, but it was her intention to engage the interest of the people as much as possible in music for its own sake, and, though she recognized that the spirit of emulation and "pot-hunting" must be appealed to if the movement were to have any success, she eliminated many of the possibilities of envy by initiating a closing concert at each festival, at which all the competing choirs combined in friendly help to interpret varied programmes of choral music. Miss Wakefield's entire scheme was founded on an intimate knowledge of human nature; she conceded what the public demanded, and by doing so obtained from that public more enthusiasm, more artistic work of a trying description, and more wonderful interpretative results than she herself had foreseen.

The test pieces chosen for competitive purposes were, at the outset, taken from those already available in print: English composers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were drawn upon, as well as Continental and British composers of the present and past generations. But the difficulties presented by the music of the past were so readily overcome by choirs from various parts of the country that search was made for more exacting material, and here and there it was found. Cornelius, for example, was discovered to have written no small amount of choral composition that had never been published, and on examination it was discovered that some of his work was so modern in spirit (Cornelius died in 1874), and presented both technical and æsthetic difficulties not contained in other available music, that steps were



taken by the Morecambe Festival Committee to have various part-songs by Cornelius published in England and Germany. In the meantime a few composers of distinction had acted as adjudicators at some of the festivals, and had been brought into the closest possible touch with the festival movement. The immediate result of this contact of the creative and interpretative elements in modern music was a crop of fresh choral work both original in idiom and new in its whole method of expression. For the first time in the history of music it came to be recognized that the chorus might be treated as an orchestra—that is to say, the independence of the various "voices" in an eight-part chorus, for instance, might be pushed to the extreme which is found in the different instruments composing the modern orchestra. It was seen that "perpendicular" writing inevitably makes for monotony of expression; that to treat the chorus as static rather than fluid is to abandon complex effects that make for dramatic exactitude and reality; and that to confine the melody for long periods to one "voice" is to create a feeling of mechanical artificiality. These discoveries, and many others, were incorporated in a large amount of new work which British composers quickly wrote, and Sir Edward Elgar, Professor Granville Bantock, Mr. Rutland Boughton, Mr. Frederick Delius and Mr. Hevergal Brian all proved within the space of a few years that they had received a strong and lasting impetus in the creation of this form of art. Indeed the effect upon Professor Bantock's genius has been most remarkable; he, more than any other British composer, has had his imagination deeply moved by the prospect of incorporating in his choral work the new meaning and significance that have been placed at his disposal by the greater technical and æsthetic fa-

cility of choruses called into being by the competitive festival movement. Mr. Ernest Newman has recently declared that during the last three years Professor Bantock's style of choral writing has undergone a complete change as the result of listening to various choral competitions at Blackpool.

Those who, like the present writer, have had the opportunity of attending many competitive festivals, and have followed closely the action and reaction of composers upon singers, have been able to gauge the depth and scope of the inspiration that is the source of this new movement, and they have seen it spread to the Continent and manifest itself in the work of such representative composers as Claude Debussy in France, Richard Strauss in Germany, and Jan Sibelius in Finland. Sibelius has travelled in England, and his friendship with Professor Bantock has given him opportunities of remodelling his choral music and giving it that sombre picturesqueness and glamour that have hitherto been characteristic of the greater part of his orchestral music. Debussy also, in recent years, has shown that he is in close touch with what is going on in England, and Richard Strauss has revealed unmistakable signs of feeling tentatively for a new mode of expression in his more recent work for large bodies of singers. Max Reger, however, still keeps aloof, but his gospel of "Back to Bach" will, no doubt, be considerably modified when he has heard the wonderful singing of which our Northern British choirs are capable.

That, then, is the new movement, and the more closely we regard it the more astonishing does it appear that it should have had its origin in England, the most artistically backward, because the most isolated, of all European countries. Its inception, as I have shown, was largely due to the enthusiasm and organizing genius of Mary



Wakefield; but for very many years before this lady became actively interested in choral singing England (and particularly Northern England) had been famous for its wonderful choirs, and unless abundant material had been lying ready for use the new movement would have died soon after its birth. If, too, there had not been, for the first time for two centuries, a small band of British composers of genius living in the closest possible communion with the life of their own time, choral singing could not have made its unexpected leaps and bounds to the goal of perfection, nor could the flame of enthusiasm have been kept burning so purely and so steadily.

But though the new movement is firmly established and, in my own belief, is destined to change completely the current of modern music, a good deal still remains to be done. The public as yet has not made a complete response to the novel forms of art that have been placed before it. There is so much that is bewildering and strange in work like Debussy's "On Craig Ddu,"

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for example, and in Debussy's "O Winter, Villain that thou art!" and in Bantock's "The Lost Leader"—all late products of this most fertile renaissance of musical art—that the uncritical and indolent public are apt to listen to it with impatience, and to regard it as outside their emotional and intellectual experience. All new art movements, of course, however spontaneous they may be, have always the passive resistance of the masses to cope with, but happily in this instance the most ardent devotees of the music of the future are themselves laymen and unlearned in musical science; it can, therefore, be but a few years before the enthusiasm of all the members of our better-known choirs will spread to those lovers of music with whom they come into contact, and thus increase rapidly the size of the comparatively small audiences whose greatest interest in music lies in the work that is being inspired by the emotional and intellectual readiness and insight of thousands of choral singers all over the country.

Gerald Cumberland.

## THE LUCKY MONTH.

"Know thyself," said the old Greek motto. (In Greek—but this is an English paper.) So I bought a little red book called, tersely enough, *Were you born in January?* I was; and, reassured on this point, the author told me all about myself.

For the most part he told me nothing new. "You are," he said in effect, "good-tempered, courageous, ambitious, loyal, quick to resent wrong, an excellent raconteur, and a leader of men." True. "Generous to a fault"—(Yes, I was overdoing that rather)—"you have a ready sympathy with the distressed. People born in this month will always keep their promises." And so on.

There was no doubt that the author had the idea all right. Even when he went on to warn us of our weaknesses he maintained the correct note. "People born in January," he said, "must be on their guard against working too strenuously. Their extraordinarily active brains——" Well, you see what he means. It is a fault perhaps, and I shall be more careful in future. Mind, I do not take offence with him for calling my attention to it. In fact, my only objection to the book is its surface application to *all* the people who were born in January. There should have been more distinction made between me and the rabble.

I have said that he told me little that was new. In one matter, however, he did open my eyes. He introduced me to an aspect of myself entirely unsuspected.

"They," he said—meaning me, "have unusual business capacity, and are destined to be leaders in great commercial enterprises."

One gets at times these flashes of self-revelation. In an instant I realized how wasted my life had been; in an instant I resolved that here and now I would put my great gifts to their proper uses. I would be a leader in an immense commercial enterprise.

One cannot start commercial enterprises without capital. The first thing was to determine the exact nature of my balance at the bank. This was a matter for the bank to arrange, and I drove there rapidly.

"Good morning," I said to the cashier, "I am in rather a hurry. May I have my pass-book?"

He assented and retired. After an interminable wait, during which many psychological moments for commercial enterprise must have lapsed, he returned.

"I think *you* have it," he said shortly.

"Thank you," I replied, and drove rapidly home again.

A lengthy search followed; but after an hour of it one of those white-hot flashes of thought, such as only occur to the natural business genius, seared my mind and sent me post-haste to the bank again.

"After all," I said to the cashier, "I only want to know my balance. What is it?"

He withdrew and gave himself up to calculation. I paced the floor impatiently. Opportunities were slipping by. At last he pushed a slip of paper across at me. My balance!

It was in four figures. Unfortunately two of them were shillings and pence. Still, there was a matter of

fifty pounds odd as well, and fortunes have been built up on less.

Out in the street I had a moment's pause. Hitherto I had regarded my commercial enterprise in the bulk, as a finished monument of industry; the little niggling preliminary details had not come up for consideration. Just for a second I wondered how to begin.

Only for a second. An unsuspected talent which has long lain dormant needs, when waked, a second or so to turn round in. At the end of that time I had made up my mind. I knew exactly what I would do. I would ring up my solicitor.

"Hallo, is that you? Yes, this is me. What? Yes, awfully, thanks. How are you? Good. Look here, come and lunch with me. What? No, at once. Good-bye."

Business, particularly that sort of commercial enterprise to which I had now decided to lend my genius, can only be discussed properly over a cigar. During the meal itself my solicitor and I indulged in the ordinary small-talk of the pleasure-loving world.

"You're looking very fit," said my solicitor. "No, not fat, *fit*."

"You don't think I'm looking thin?" I asked anxiously. "People are warning me that I may be overdoing it rather. They tell me that I must be seriously on my guard against brain strain."

"I suppose they think you oughtn't to strain it too suddenly," said my solicitor. Though he is now a solicitor he was once just an ordinary boy like the rest of us, and it was in those days that he acquired the habit of being rude to me, a habit he has never quite forgotten.

"What is an onyx?" I said, changing the conversation.

"Why?" asked my solicitor, with his usual business acumen.

"Well, I was practically certain that I had seen one in the Zoo, in the reptile

house, but I have just learnt that it is my lucky month stone. Naturally I want to get one."

The coffee came and we settled down to commerce.

"I was just going to ask you," said my solicitor—"have you any money lying idle at the bank? Because if so——"

"Whatever else it is doing, it isn't lying idle," I protested. "I was at the bank to-day, and there were men chivying it about with shovels all the time."

"Well, how much have you got?"

"About fifty pounds."

"It ought to be more than that."

"That's what I say, but you know what banks are. Actual merit counts for nothing with them."

"Well, what did you want to do with it?"

"Exactly. That was why I rang you up. I—er——" This was really my moment, but somehow I was not quite ready to seize it. My vast commercial enterprise still lacked a few trifling details. "Er—I—well, it's like that."

"I might get you a few ground rents."

"Don't. I shouldn't know where to put them."

Punch.

"But if you really have fifty pounds simply lying idle I wish you'd lend it to me for a bit. I'm confoundedly hard up."

("Generous to a fault, you have a ready sympathy with the distressed." Dash it, what could I do?)

"Is it quite etiquette for clients to lend solicitors money?" I asked. "I thought it was always solicitors who had to lend it to clients. If I must, I'd rather lend it to you—I mean, I'd dislike it less—as to the old friend of me childhood."

"Yes, that's how I wanted to pay it back."

"Bother. Then I'll send you a cheque to-night," I sighed.

"And that's where we are at the moment. *"People born in this month always keep their promises"* The money has got to go to-night. If I hadn't been born in January I shouldn't be sending it; I certainly shouldn't have promised it; I shouldn't even have known that I had it. Sometimes I almost wish that I had been born in one of the decent months. March, say.

A. A. M.

## OTHER PEOPLE'S HEROES.

It is difficult sometimes to account for our friends' friends. We wonder very often how they came to be intimate with people so unlike themselves and, in our hearts we sometimes add, so unlike us. Of course, if we are really friendly people, we never say a word about the puzzle, and, as a rule, at least in individual instances, we manage to find solutions to fit the cases. So-and-so, we argue, is not a friend whom our friend would have chosen. He is an item of family property and

he likes him for association's sake. Such-and-such a man, again, must be the recipient of gratitude. He must have done our friend a good turn in the past. That dull woman whom he is always so delighted to meet was very pretty once. Her charm lies not in herself but in the memory of those who knew her long ago. As to the other one that thinks herself clever, well, she certainly appreciates his abilities as well as her own. That vulgar man has the gift of constant cheerfulness. It distracts our friend in one

sense and us in another. As to that man of leisure, who seems to take no interest except in sport or the acts of his own relations, perhaps there may be something manly under the clean and handsome mask that hides his individuality from the world—something which comes out to our friend when he is alone with him. After all, we like him better than the literary man who writes so well about every subject and only speaks on one—and that one himself. Now and then our friend's enemies puzzle us too. We do not really mean his enemies, of course, in any serious sense. Some lighter word ought to be invented to describe modern enemies. Enmity among friendly people is as dead as gluttony, but we still suffer from keen dislikes just as we suffer from bad indigestion. We do not go about nowadays looking for opportunities to do anyone any harm, but there are certain people whom we hate to see, and sometimes we show it. Also we always put a bad interpretation on their actions, and we do not at all care if they come to know that we do.

Now and then we have a friend who is the enemy of another friend. When first we find it out we are amazed. But the amazement seldom lasts. As a rule we find some satisfactory explanation of the disagreeable fact. Very often it is nothing but a radical difference of opinion. Religious bitterness is almost dead—among the educated, at any rate—it is a mere platitude to say that the same sincere search for truth leads one man to Rome, and another to Geneva, and a third to Agnosticism, but those who smile contemptuously at the man who feels a prejudice against his neighbor on account of his creed will make of his political opinions an *à priori* argument against his *bona fides*. He cannot be a patriot because he does not agree with them about universal service.

Perhaps they impeach his orthodoxy from the other side, and regard him as a bloodthirsty anachronism (any phrase will do to abuse a miscreant). It is ludicrous that it should be so, but it is. Another reason which will often account for an apparently unreasonable dislike is the fact that we are each of us proud possessors of a darling and special virtue. There is some one matter, perhaps, some very little matter, wherein our conduct is perfectly immaculate—perhaps we never forget to return a loan, even if it is only a sixpenny magazine; or we never improve a story, or never speak against anyone. There are some people who never make friends with anyone whose special virtue does not match theirs. Very like, if we consider the matter, we shall find that that is the case with our friend and his enemy. Another frequent cause of unreasonable dislike is resemblance: the man we dislike for no reason reminds us of one we hated with good cause.

But, however difficult we may find it in individual instances to account for our friends' likes and dislikes, we seldom find any difficulty in accounting for the society which he lives in as a whole. The element of choice comes in here so much less than is supposed. Except in the cases where people are born with a strong social will or an extreme social fastidiousness, men and women live, socially speaking, where they must. They are held where we find them by what we call "ties." None need live in a house they do not like, and most need not live in a parish they do not like, but their choice of houses and surroundings is, as a rule, strictly limited, though they are not in the position of having what we call "no choice."

The really difficult thing to account for is the friends that our friends make, and the company they choose to keep, among the heroes of history and

fiction. In the world of fiction there are no limitations; gratitude does not join us to one man, nor spite divide us from another. We can live in the highest or the lowest society—just as we please—and we are continually amazed at the choice of even our intimate friends. Some of them appear to move among the marionettes made by the second-rate romancers. Many, of course, keep only the best company, but even then we may wonder at their choice of friends. Who has not been amazed to hear some friend express an intense admiration, indeed confess a long-cherished passion, for some one we should least have expected them to like—say, for instance, Miss Austen's Emma? Perhaps the speaker has married a wife who is the very opposite of the heroine who fascinates him. So far as we know he was free to choose, for Emmas are not so uncommon (though Elizabeths are rare), and we think he might easily have found one. Moreover, he adores his daughters, who belong to a totally different type, and Mrs. So-and-so, who really is an Emma, is a woman he cannot away with. Emma—in the book—answers to some bit of his nature which we do not know. The present writer knows one woman who stoutly affirms that she would like to have married George Meredith's "Egoist." The inequality of the proposed yoke defies description, but she is matched by the men who declare themselves enamored of Becky Sharpe, and then diligently hunt out and marry one of the few Amellas still to be found upon the market. Then what unexpected people may be said to spend their holidays with Trollope in Barchester! People who would, we should have thought, be utterly out of their element in a Cathedral town; who would be bored by a gossip with Archdeacon Grantley, and could not be bothered to humor poor Mr. Crawley for two minutes together, and who

never flirt, nor have flirted with any real young women of the type of Trollope's heroines. They would be inclined to kick Johnny Eames if they saw him, yet his troubles interest them intensely. Is it the art which fascinates them? We doubt it. It is the change of society. Sometimes, again, we find a young man, a sound, cheerful sort of person, who we thought might be on familiar terms with Scott's characters, or at least with those of Louis Stevenson. In the world of fiction we should expect to see him in company with Alan Breck, or "the seafaring man with one leg," or consorting perhaps with one of Anthony Hope's petty Kings. In real life he goes, roughly speaking, with that sort of people; but when he chooses his own friends without let or hindrance, we find him moping about with Maeterlinck, and making imaginary love to Mélisande. What have they in common? It is hopeless to wonder. Then it is really sad to find what excellent ladies absorbed in their domestic or their philanthropic concerns go for holiday excursions into a world which modern novelists have created, where almost everyone is what, outside a book, they would certainly call very wicked and where most people are what anyone would call very unhappy indeed. How can it refresh them to do this? Apparently they take no harm from their bad company—they come back just the same. The only visible effect of their sojourn is to give them a slight contempt for those who prefer to read something more like real life.

For ourselves, we must confess we never met the man who had read Shakespeare and the Bible and them only. No man, we are certain, ever read Shakespeare without reading other books if he could get them. The people who do know Shakespeare well are very often not the people that we

should expect to know him. Pick out from among your acquaintances some man of the world with a real acquaintance with its tragedy and its comedy, its men, its women, and its customs. Very likely he will confess that he never takes Shakespeare off his shelves. Perhaps he will amaze you by saying he reads Dante every day.

*The Spectator.*

Sometimes we have felt as if the great proof of the existence of the subconscious self did not depend upon the evidence of the Psychical Society, but upon common observation. There is a self in many a man who is certainly not known to his friends, who lives in worlds that he never appears to enter.

### DOCTORS IN DIFFERENCE.

Slowly, and with difficulty, an elementary standard of personal hygiene has won acceptance among the more intelligent and educated strata of our population. Cleanliness, fresh air, and regular exercise may be said to be the corner-stones of this hygiene. None of them comes easily to the "natural man." The early makers of the Hebrew laws found it necessary to summon all the rigors of divine and human vengeance to teach the rudiments of cleanliness. Washing has always figured as a semi-religious act, a reputable rite. Its gradual extension from class to class, from nation to nation, has been taken as the outward and visible sign of the spread of civilization. Regarded as a habit of hygiene it is a modern acquirement. Even so short a time as half a century ago a comparatively small proportion of those who spoke of the workers as "the great unwashed" had a bathroom in their house. Now the respectable mechanic takes his tub and with proper patriotic pride contemns "the dirty foreigner," although in point of fact the washing habit is acquiring as firm a hold of the chief continental peoples as of our own. But what if all this hardly acquired virtue be a mistake, a cunning invention of the soap manufacturer, or a distinctive badge of immunity from manual labor? What if it be simply a disease of civilization?

Such are the disturbing questions which Sir Almroth Wright raises by the lecture delivered recently at Burlington Gardens. "There is a belief that by washing people wash off the microbes. We do take off a certain amount of microbes, but we also destroy the protective skin which is all round our bodies like the tiles of a house. When one has a horny hand no microbes can get near the skin. A great deal of washing increases the microbes of the skin, so I do not think cleanliness is to be recommended as an hygienic method." The natural man is, indeed, no more a lover of fresh air than an enemy of dirt. On the contrary, we know that he loves stuffy rooms and hates a draught. Our ancestors, not long ago, drew close curtains round their beds lest any oxidized air, even from the carefully closed chamber, should penetrate their lungs in slumber. Even now it is a triumph for our health visitor to persuade a cottage-woman to open a window. When she consents it is usually "to please the lady," rather than for any good she thinks she gets from it. She will now be able to quote the great Sir Almroth. "Why is the fresh air cure only applied to tuberculous disease? I hold it to be a dreadful superstition. The whole of the doctrine of fresh air requires to be revised."

The habit of taking exercise, or un-



dergoing needless physical exertion of any kind, is quite unintelligible to most nations. "What induces these infidels to run to and fro when they might sit still?" is the well-known comment of a Turkish potentate as he watched Englishmen playing a cricket match. Nothing, indeed, is more firmly rooted in the orthodoxy of the well-to-do Englishman than the belief that games and sports involving arduous physical energy are good for health. But it seems that this belief is as artificial, as superstitious, as the others. "There is no evidence," says Sir Almroth, "that the man who does not take physical exercise is more liable to disease than the man who does." But he is not content with destroying one by one our hygienic idols. He must pull down the whole temple of the false goddess. "I have noticed in the circulars of the Health Society the phrase, 'Prevention is better than Cure.' I would like to stamp that out. We should wait until we are infected, and then take steps to kill the microbes."

We observe that in some medical quarters this extraordinary pronouncement is treated as a huge joke. But we have a higher regard for Sir Almroth Wright's reputation than to believe that he could perpetrate so clumsy a piece of dangerous facetiousness. Though we have men on our judicial bench who habitually disregard Bacon's advice that "Judges ought to be more learned than witty," the leaders of our medical profession have never so demeaned themselves as to seek to confuse the public mind upon the gravest issues of health. We are driven to the conviction that Sir Almroth Wright, one of our chief authorities and pioneers in pathological research, is a whole-hearted disbeliever in these elements of popular hygiene. Nor does he stand quite alone. Other men, hardly of less eminence, have vented from time to time the same

scepticism regarding some of our most cherished beliefs in matters of health. Now such utterances cannot fail to provoke profound disquietude. Is this scepticism to be regarded merely as the perversity or eccentricity of genius, the exaggerated distortion of a specialist which finds a panacea in some single mode of therapeutics, such as inoculation, whose superb and all-sufficing value renders all prophylactic treatment of trivial account? Or can it be that our modern hygiene consists largely of a fanatic creed bred of the excessive fears of the classes who, divorced from manual labor, the "natural" lot of man, have leisure and means to elaborate a hygienic ritual as unmeaning, as injurious to their sanity of body, as the religious rituals to their sanity of mind? It is now widely held that a habit of excessive eating, as formerly of excessive drinking, pervades those classes able to afford expensive diets. Yet even the medical profession still stands divided upon the merits of "feeding up," both as a general precept and for particular complaints. Are we about to see a similar rift of professional opinion open up on other maxims of ordinary hygiene which we have come to regard as absolute in their authority upon our lives?

The issue is no light one. Everybody now-a-days is so much of a faith-healer as to be aware of the importance of having a medical man in whom he has confidence. But if this personal faith is important, much more important in the long run is the maintenance of the collective confidence which belongs to the authority of the profession. Now this collective confidence is definitely damaged by these novel doubts sown in the public mind. The dilemma which these candid doctors set before the lay mind is of a far graver sort than that propounded by Mr. Bernard Shaw. It may be briefly

stated thus. Readers of the article on Medicine in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" will be impressed by the enormous and multifarious advances made in every department of the science. Everywhere the expert toil of many trained minds, the wealth of experience gathered in many quarters, have contributed to impart an air of exactitude to the results expressed in language of so much technical precision. Or, turn to another arena, the law courts. Here a sheaf of recent reported cases shows us a profession so firmly established in intellectual orthodoxy that they rally as one man in protest against unauthorized practitioners who claim to fight against disease by weapons forged in some outside armory. Though throughout the history of therapeutics the most important discoveries have slowly fought their way as heresies into the reluctant acceptance of the profession, this lesson of history carries little force to teach toleration or liberality to the present occupants of office. Following in the witness box the row of expert witnesses summoned to convict some osteopath or other unauthorized practitioner, or to defend some member of the fraternity whose patient in a hasty operation "falls to rally," one would suppose that the profession of medicine had reached a level of scientific certainty in diagnosis and in treatment. Yet the confidence which such professional solidarity suggests is strangely contradicted by the detailed experience of everyone who has familiar intercourse with individ-

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ual members of the profession. Extreme diversity, open and avowed empiricism, fluctuations in treatment almost as rapid and incalculable as the fashions in dress, displace in actual practice the close conformity of the authoritative text-book or the law court. Though the candor of Sir Almroth Wright's statement, "I have been in consultation with twenty-one doctors round a rich man's bed, and none of them knew what was the matter with him," may be rare, most of us have had occasion to suspect that the grave taciturnity of the bedside manner was often but the cloak of a conscious failure to diagnose. Such occasional, nay frequent, failure may well be considered an inevitable incident in the delicate endeavor to track the secret irregularities of morbid processes in nature. But the profession devoted to so difficult and intricate a study might at least be expected to cultivate a more liberal spirit towards the free groups of workers on its borderland or hinterland, whose adventurous discoveries have enriched its fund of knowledge in the past, and are assuredly required to maintain its progress in the future. The habit of heresy-hunting is as injurious to medicine as to religion, and it harms the bigot even more than the heretic. Meantime the layman stands distracted between this attitude of absolute professional authority, on the one hand, and the destructive scepticism which Sir Almroth Wright represents.

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## WOMAN IN SPORT.

What is the sound and sweetly reasonable view for a man to take of the modern accession of women to the realms of sport? A new epoch in the athletic emancipation of the sex was

inaugurated by the victory of a lady golfer over one of our foremost champions, and, with women fearlessly navigating airships and aeroplanes, there seems, short of polo and the football

field, no outdoor pastime closed to them. Yet this athletic woman is less a new departure than reversion to a type that preceded the Early Victorian type. The old *Sporting Magazine* records many prize-fights between women in the opening years of the nineteenth century, and in the time of the Stuarts and their immediate successors English ladies took keen interest in cock-fighting. There is in the Rutland MSS. a letter from Miss Bridget Noel to her sister, the Countess of Rutland, in which, with a freedom of spelling that we may envy, if we may not emulate, the writer refers to "coking and hors matches, which we have promised to be at. Barney intends to back our coks with some thousands, for he is on our side."

What, then, are we to say to this advent of women in every kind of sport? Playwrights and novelists, poets and essayists are of little assistance in gauging public opinion on the subject, for they as often try to guide as to reflect it, besides which they usually treat the subject with the legitimate exaggeration of caricature. We should, for instance, have to seek far and wide among the fair members of the Bath Club to find such a female Admirable Crichton as "Di Vernon," who could leap a five-barred gate, besides being proficient in both ancient and modern languages. Kate Coventry was a less pretentious hoyden, for she cared nothing for books, but was merely, as her Aunt Deborah said, "wild after horses and all such unfeminine pursuits" It was left for Plinero to create the most delightful of all amazons, and the whole moral of the comedy was summed up in Lady Castlejordan's reminiscence of how her lord and master had greeted the birth of a daughter in the winter: "Damn it, Miriam! you've lost a whole season's hunting for nothing?"

Other writers, other views. Of

horsewomen, Byron and Disraeli, neither of them misogynists, took diametrically opposite views. The author of *Lothair* devotes one of his most flowery passages to open admiration of the "bewildering habits and bewitching hats" of ladies on horseback, while *Don Juan* begged

. . . to hint to all equestrian Misses  
That horses' backs are not their  
proper places.

The attitude for each man to take must depend on his own womenfolk. Lady Violet Greville has said that no woman should be allowed out with hounds unless a good rider, but there are hunting countries, not far from Somerset, in which the same rule should apply to men. It is impossible to class the majority of outdoor sports as unfit for women as a sex, for women differ in their physical fitness no less than men. There may be women unfit for hockey, but there are certainly men unfit for croquet.

The mention of hockey suggests what may perhaps be a true, if severe, test of the sportswoman. If there is one travesty of a game against which I would protest with my last drop of ink, that travesty is what is known as "mixed" hockey. Lawn-tennis, badminton, and croquet are admirable games for both sexes to take part in, and if a girl wishes to enjoy the open air with her brothers or with those of her friends, let them ride, or skate, or golf together. But mixed hockey, dangerous for the women and demoralizing for the men, should be as obsolete as bull-baiting. And now I come to the test, which, but for the fact that I am nearing the sere and yellow, and no longer am afraid of speaking out, I should hesitate to propose. If a woman really fancies shooting or fishing or hunting for its own sake, and not for the added opportunities it affords of seeking the companionship of

men taken up with the serious business of sport, then, given the health and means, it is folly to exclude her from the enjoyment of such pastimes.

If, on the other hand, she takes up sport solely to be with the other sex, then let her be discouraged to the verge of brutality. Sport is not, or at any rate should not be, a social function. Nor is it a mixed game. The keen gunner or fisherman loves solitude, and the best men in the hunting-field are interested in the crowd only to the extent of getting out of its way. Otherwise they ride with their eyes on the hounds and their thoughts with the fox. Most men who shoot know the woman who, not holding a gun herself, likes to stand in the grouse butt or beside the covert next to the crack shot of the party and watch him bring down his birds. If she could only hold her tongue until the drive is over she might be a wholly delightful companion, but unfortunately she has an unhappy knack of just moving or speaking at the wrong moment, causing the birds to break back or swerve off to the next gun. Even the best of sportswomen is apt to spoil things by encouraging the man to show off and shoot wildly. From the peacock dancing before his hens to the champions of the jousting ring, the male has always shown off before the female, and this weakness often makes young men, with their spurs to win, shoot at birds that are too far off, or at rabbits which dart across the rides in dangerous proximity to the legs of the next gun.

The test of the shooting woman is that she shall walk and stand alone,  
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without a man nearer than thirty yards. If she will obey such conditions, then by all means let her shoot with the best. It is much the same with fishing, a sport in which solitude may be even more essential to success. Yet there are moments when the right sort of woman may be a ministering angel when pain and anguish wring the brow at sight of a fat trout about to make good its escape, with the landing net just out of reach along the bank. The other woman, who screams at the touch of a worm and has to be carried over every runnel of water, is better left at home.

All said and done, it seems that the keynote of woman's place in sport is moderation. It is fine to see her getting health and enjoyment from her outdoor exercise, but not to devote herself to it with the same passion as the stronger sex. She should swim, but need not attempt the Channel. She should scull a boat, but not compete at Henley. She should fence—there are few more healthy exercises for young women—but not fight duels. Above all, though not invariably a good loser, she should not be discouraged because she is not in the first flight. She may not play golf like Miss Leitch, or badminton like Miss Lucas. She may not skate with the dash of Mrs. Syers, or dance with the grace of Pavlova. Yet falling short of perfection is no reason for despondency. If we men were invaded by the same scruples, how many of us, I wonder, would ever be seen in the stubbles or beside the salmon-pool!

*F. G. Aflalo.*

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

A story breathing the fresh, invigorating air of the Cumberland fells is "Silverwool," and listless novel-readers owe hearty thanks to Emily Jenkinson for writing it. Silverwool is Farmer Wain's huge prize ram, cherished and valued almost like a child, and his only rival at the Great North Show at St. Oswald's is in the possession of Luke Heron, one of pretty Betty Wain's suitors, whose chief shepherd is believed to have stolen it when a lamb, knowing the stock it came of. The possibilities of such a plot are effectively realized, and as a mere narrative the book is intensely interesting. Better still, it is full of sympathetic description and shrewd character-study. Ishmael Gray, the crippled curate of Applegarth, sorrowing and striving over his wayward parish, would alone make it noteworthy. The Baker & Taylor Co.

John Gaunt, a London millionaire whose fortune has been made in red rubber, is the hero of Paul Trent's new novel, and "The Vow," which gives its title to the book is made by him to save his wife's life, and pledges him to conduct his affairs henceforward "in accordance with the teaching of Christ." On Lady Mildred's recovery, he finds himself obliged to antagonize the administration of the Congo, addresses mass meetings, calls down upon himself the hostility of the Belgian government, incidentally alienates his wife—to whom he gives no explanation of his astonishing *volte-face*—fits out a warship for the mouth of the Congo, holds up all ships carrying rubber and ivory, and brings about an international complication from which results an agreement between Germany, England and France to take over the Congo. The story does not

lack incident, and readers who find it credible may enjoy it. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, well known as an authority on the South of ante-bellum days, has given us a series of vivid pictures of the period in "The Colonel's Story." The Virginia plantation with its lavish hospitality; the gay groups at White Sulphur Springs, President Taylor among them; the attempted duel; the outbreak of the "gold-fever"; the search for the young adventurer, crossed in love, from San Francisco to the missions of Southern California; and the wedding with its fascinating preparations—all are portrayed with a charm only possible to one who writes *con amore*. The Colonel himself, a solitary, chivalrous idealist, in love with a young girl of half his years, is a figure both dignified and pathetic; his rival, equally high-minded, is an effective contrast; and Shirley is a girl to dream of and dare for. The minor characters are well sketched—Andy, the Scotch gardener; Mrs. Bangs, tall, gaunt and depressed, with her troop of carrot-headed children; Pizarro, the black boy; Aunt Prissy, with her currant jelly and brandy peaches; quaint little Dorothea, Shirley's sister; and Dr. Berkeley himself, a fine example of the old-time Southern physician, with his capable and lovely wife. The Macmillan Co.

The Rev. John Stockton Littell's "The Historians and the English Reformation" published by The Young Churchman Company of Milwaukee, is an essay in comparative history of more than ordinary interest and importance. Possessed by a strong but by no means exaggerated conviction of the pivotal significance of the English

Reformation, and the lamentable extent to which it is slurred over or presented with a partisan bias both in general and school histories and in school instruction, Mr. Littell has undertaken an exhaustive research not only into the teachings of the greater and lesser historians, Protestant, Catholic or neutral, but of their critics, and has brought together between the covers of this single volume the fruits of this research and comparison in such a form that students and teachers of history may easily possess themselves both of the essential facts and the differing views of historians and critics. The conclusion which Mr. Littell reaches, and for the buttressing of which he conducts his marshalling and comparison of the statements of historians is the catholicity and continuity of the Anglican church. But he holds that the writers and teachers of history should be impartial in their expressions, either admitting that there are two sides to the question, or stating both sides fairly.

An uncommonly attractive, readable and wholesome novel is "Forged in Strong Fires," by John Ironside. The action takes place in South Africa, just before and during the Boer War, and the heroine is the daughter of an English land-owner, in love with a neighbor of Dutch parentage but educated at Oxford. Joyce's mother, and younger brothers and sisters, are sent to England when the situation becomes threatening, and the chapters describing their experiences there give variety and relief to a plot which might otherwise be too tense, but the chief interest remains with Joyce, at her father's side, and with her fate after his tragic death. The author has bestowed the gift of second sight with a lavishness that taxes the reader's credulity, but his lovers are so high-hearted and gallant, and altogether in so agreeable a contrast to those one meets in the aver-

age story of the day, that one is not disposed to cavil much. Little, Brown & Co.

Alfred Noyes's "A Poet's Anthology of Poems" (The Baker & Taylor Co.) is a book which piques the curiosity more than most volumes of selections. Mr. Noyes is by far the most gifted poet among the singers of to-day: who are the poets for whom he cares, and which are the poems which most appeal to him? This is the first and most obvious question which suggests itself as one turns these pages. The answer is not hard to find. There are less than forty poets, all told, from whom he makes selections; and of these, he finds most that is worth quoting in Tennyson, next in Wordsworth, and next, in the order named, in Browning, Blake, Shelley, Shakespeare, Matthew Arnold, Christina Rossetti, and Alice Meynell. As might have been expected, the verse in this volume, however varied the theme, is all upon a high level; it has lyric grace and beauty of form, but something more. Moreover, neither the selection of the poems nor their order in the book is an accident. Mr. Noyes, in his preface, which is an admirably courageous bit of writing for these days of doubts, affirms his full faith in the fundamental order and harmony of the universe, and he writes: "The smallest break in that eternal order and harmony is an immeasurable vacuum of the kind that both art and science abhor; for, if we admit it, the universe has no meaning. The poet demanding that not a worm should be cloven in vain, crying with Blake that a robin in a cage shakes Heaven with anger, are at one with that profound truth,—a sparrow shall not fall to the ground without your Father. The blades of the grass are all numbered. There is no break in the roll of that harmony 'whereto the worlds beat time.'" The preface gives the key-note to the anthology.